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Answer on page 26 ...

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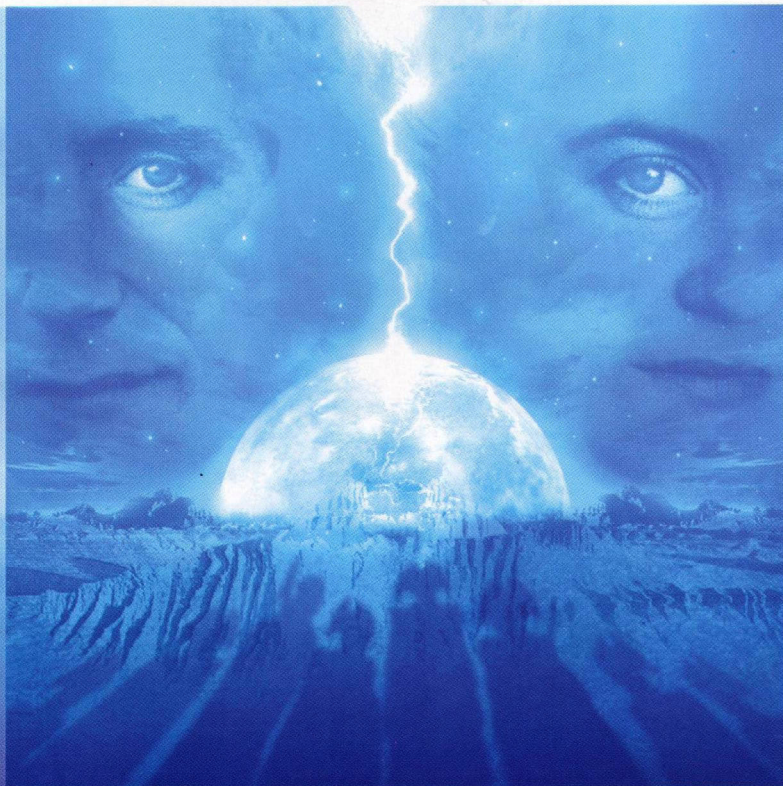
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NOT ANGER – AND LOVE NEVER DIES,
HOWEVER BRIEF OUR LIVES MIGHT BE ...”



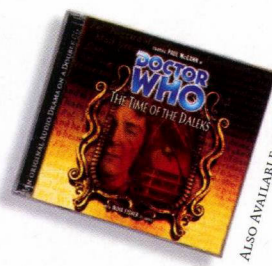
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26 COVER STORY

Meet the eight who regenerate!

Nice to read you, to read you nice! Jonathan Morris peruses the conveyor belt (electric kettle!) of modern telly and comes to the conclusion that (fondue set!) *Doctor Who* is basically (cuddly toy!) one long game show! Give him a big hand, 'cos didn't he do well?

Editor Clayton Hickman
Editorial Assistant Benjamin Cook
Designer (light return) Peri Godbold

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Managing Editor Alan O'Keefe
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Congratulations to Paul Cornell and Caroline Symcox on their recent wedding. Best wishes from all of us at DWM!

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Victor Pemberton. Writer of *Fury from the Deep*. Season Five story editor. Moonbase astronaut. Inventor of the sonic screwdriver. "I'm very mixed up," he admits ...

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Set your direction point for the Dynotrope as Andrew Pixley sets out to chronicle those crystalline critters the Krotons in our Archive!

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DWM catches up with actor Robert Jezek – if only a certain shape-shifting penguin would leave us alone ...

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Editor's letter A DEATH IN THE FAMILY

Just as this issue was going to press we learned that John Nathan-Turner, *Doctor Who*'s longest-serving producer, had died at the tragically early age of 54. Needless to say, this was a big shock to us all.

For many years John was the advisor to DWM, and, even afterwards, he always maintained close ties to the magazine. It speaks volumes that, before the day was out, two former editors had emailed us to express their shock and sadness at his passing.

Now I'm still the new boy around here, and I can't claim to have ever worked with John – indeed, I only met him once, briefly, a year or so back – but from the sheer number of phone calls, emails and letters that DWM has received in the very short space of time between the news breaking and me putting finger to keyboard here, it's obvious that he'll be hugely missed by many people.

Unfortunately, printing deadlines being what they are, it was too late to alter the contents of this issue to reflect John's death, bar an obituary in *Gallifrey Guardian* [see page 8], so issue 319 will

serve as DWM's tribute to one of its oldest friends. We'll be holding over many of our planned features to make way for a series of articles and personal reminiscences celebrating John's life and work, penned by friends and colleagues from throughout his long career.

I'm sure there are also many of you who would like to share their memories of John with the rest of the readership and for that reason we'll be giving *Timelines* over to a selection of your thoughts. If you have something you'd like to say, please let us know as soon as possible.

For me personally, John Nathan-Turner produced the *Doctor Who* that I grew up with, that made me a fan and that, eventually, got me this job. For that I am very grateful, and deeply saddened that the *Doctor Who* family has lost its most flamboyant member and the series its staunchest supporter.

So from all at DWM, thanks, John – for all you've done for us kids.

Clay

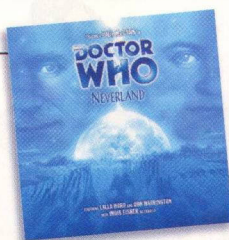
Coming Up ...

ILLUSTRATION BY MARTIN GERAGHTY



Neverland

an audio drama by **Alan Barnes**



Released on 27 June

Featuring The Eighth Doctor and Charley

Enemies The people of Neverland ... and perhaps someone from Gallifrey?

Setting The Matrix; The Acteon Galaxy; A Time Station of the Rassilon Era, 6798; a wilderness ...

You'll like this if you like ... augmenting Time Lord history; Peter Pan; A Matter of Life and Death; the pointers in the season so far

Listen out for The man in the Matrix ...

The Doctor Paul McGann

Charley India Fisher

President Romana Lalla Ward

Co-ordinator Vansell Anthony Keetch

Matrix Voices Dot Smith, Jonathan Rigby, Ian Hallard

Kurat Peter Trapani

Levith Holly King

Under-Cardinal Lee Moore

Rorvan Mark McDonnell

Taria Nicola Boyce

Music Alistair Lock

Producers Gary Russell & Jason Haigh-Ellery and Jacqueline Rayner

Director Gary Russell

The Doctor, by now aware that Charley is at the eye of a storm damaging the Web of Time, finds that a formation of battle-TARDises is trying to pin them down. At the head of this search-and-intercept mission from Gallifrey are none other than President Romana and Co-ordinator Vansell – and they're not making a social call ...

Once under their control, the Doctor's main concern is to protect Charley from harm. But Charley has a vital function: Romana and Vansell need her in order to reach a dimension that, officially, doesn't exist at all. In theory, this is the world of Anti-Time – but in light of the beings that they encounter there, it might as well be called 'Neverland' ...

What connection is there between Charley and this mysterious dimension? Why is the Matrix itself at risk? What is Vansell's agenda? Is the fabled destroyer Zagreus to be feared in reality? Who was the Doctor talking to at the end of Seasons of Fear? And how does the Oubliette of Eternity figure in Gallifrey's clandestine past?

To find out, the Doctor and Charley must join those on the Time Station to venture where no Gallifreyan has gone before. Officially, that is ...

Neverland's title and author were announced almost 14 months ago, as part of 2002's Eighth Doctor season. Can there ever have been such a gap between a Doctor Who production being confirmed and its actual appearance? Added to that, there's been considerable anticipation since early in 2001 as to how *Neverland* might resolve Charley's paradoxical existence, as its author – ex-DWM editor Alan Barnes – is well aware ...

"It's kind of scary, actually," he says. "People have really got into this season, and *Neverland* is so highly anticipated ... I hope no-one's disappointed. It's kind of unusual – small in some ways, epic in others, yet in places incredibly personal. I don't want to get all confessional and Oprah-like about it, and I don't write as catharsis – I want everything I do to excite and entertain its audience, first and foremost – but some of *Neverland* has come from a very dark place. It became pretty apparent that I was writing, unconsciously at first – maybe even on *Storm Warning* – about something extraordinary that had happened, just previously, in my life. I'm concerned that if I spell out the details, people might think it's a play about death. It's not, not for me – it's about life, and what we make of what we've got. That's what Charley's story is, I think."

Neverland sits as the climax to the second Big Finish Paul McGann season. Given the long build-up, presumably the strategy for finally confronting the dilemma surrounding

Why do the Time Lords need Charley so desperately?



Charley was in Barnes' and Big Finish co-producer Gary Russell's minds all along?

"It was known from the outset that Charley's survival was going to mess with the Web of Time," confirms Barnes, "and that the Doctor would have to sort it out – but we didn't know the whys, hows or wherefores. So, when I came to write the big scene late in *Storm Warning* where the Doctor realises that something's up, I rang up Gary and said, 'Look, should I work in some kind of get-out here?' I was thinking that maybe the Doctor should black out ... anything to put in some flexibility for later, so Charley could have been

replaced by an android double, or something equally lame. Gary, quite rightly, said, 'Don't worry, just leave it – when the time comes, it'll be someone else's problem.' Guess what? He lied ...

"Later in 2000, he e-mailed the six writers he'd picked for 'Season Twenty-Eight' – and there was my name in the final slot, writing a big wrap-up involving the Time Lords and resolving all the Charley/Web of Time stuff. Immensely flattering, of course, but a real poisoned chalice – I mean, I knew better than anyone that there was no easy solution to it all! Weeks later, I was on the verge of calling up Gary and saying, 'Sorry, I just can't find the right thing to do with this' – when I woke up with that little hyphenated term, 'Never-Land', going round my head ... I dashed downstairs, and hammered out an e-mail – it was like automatic writing, or something equally Fortean. And that was the Big Idea I took to the round-table meeting that I and the other writers had before starting work."

So the idea of involving Gallifreyans was there all along – but did Russell encourage Barnes to produce something more ambitious in scale than usual?

"Gary's brief had asked for something involving Gallifrey in the past, present and future. And so I tried to plot out the Great Gallifrey Epic. It was called *The Web of Time*, and it began with the Doctor waking up in Gallifrey's past, in a hospice – rather like *The English Patient*, with a war raging in the background. I tried to work in every single bit of Gallifrey mythology ever.

"I put together this huge synopsis, trying to outdo *The Ancestor Cell* and *The Apocalypse Element*, both of which had just come out. The only thing was, it was all a bit ... soulless, you know? So I scrapped it and went back to Charley and the Doctor, and their whole dilemma. And although the final version is smaller in terms of characters and settings, it's about ten times bigger emotionally. Instead of writing a Gallifrey story, I'd written a Time Lords story – a very different thing. It'll come as a bit of a surprise to many people that there's only a few minutes' worth of material set on Gallifrey. A little bit of the 'Gallifrey epic' survives in Part One – for colour, really. So the effort wasn't completely wasted!"

Was Barnes asked to include Romana and Vansell, continuing the politics heard in *The Apocalypse Element*, or was that his idea?

"Romana and Vansell were a given – Gary and I discussed how their relationship is kind of New Labour versus Old, actually! I wanted to give Romana some really meaty stuff: I'd interviewed Lalla Ward some time ago for *DWM*, and she made a big impression on me. I mean, what a

Neverland – which was called simply *Zagreus* for a while, as I remember! I didn't know much about them, but several things you've heard do bear directly upon *Neverland* – certainly, the end of *Seasons of Fear* ..."

So did Barnes write the nursery rhyme about Zagreus? "That was me, I'm afraid. One of the lead actors seemed to find the line 'Zagreus sees you in your bed/and eats you when you're sleeping' terribly amusing. I can't imagine why!"

The 'Neverland' of the title (as some of Charley's dialogue, and Alan's sleeve notes for the CD make clear) evokes the children's classic *Peter Pan*. "It seemed to fit. Charley compares the Doctor to Peter Pan at one point – the boy who never grew up. And that's the Eighth Doctor completely, I think – excitable, boyish, without responsibilities. But we all have to grow up eventually. He said, ominously ..."

Unlike *Storm Warning*, Barnes was able to attend the recording of *Neverland*. "I'd missed the *Storm Warning* sessions, and I wish I'd hadn't – you learn so much from just watching actors doing your stuff, seeing how they find their rhythm ... My dialogue isn't particularly inclined towards naturalism – I mean, it's *Doctor Who*, how naturalistic can you be? – so they were being asked to do a lot. Lalla spotted a couple of things I'd put in for her, which was terribly gratifying. She didn't seem embarrassed by any of it, at least. And I only heard one cry of frustration in the ten-minute scene!"

This is Charley's tenth audio adventure with the Doctor. What reaction does Barnes now have to the 'Edwardian adventures' that he helped to create?

"India Fisher is just the best thing to happen to *Doctor Who* since Paul McGann. She has a huge amount to do in *Neverland*, but she knew the script inside-out before reaching the studio – in fact, I caught her explaining it to the cast far better than I ever could! Charley has one particular speech towards the climax,



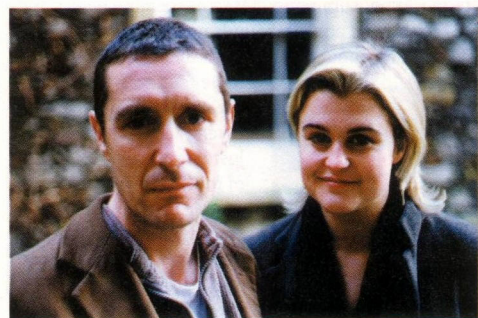
Anthony Keetch and Lalla Ward return as Vansell and Romana.

full of really big, emotionally exhausting stuff, which India cared about so much that she asked for a retake ... but of course, she'd got it perfectly the first time. Charley isn't mine, or any other writer's – she's India's now. Still, having established this character who really mattered to me, it was gut-wrenching to have to put her through what I do in *Neverland*. She's done nothing wrong, poor girl – she doesn't deserve any of it!"

Having left *DWM* behind at the end of 2001, after seven years' work on the editorial team, Barnes is now working elsewhere as editor of the *Judge Dredd* Magazine. But the change wasn't a wholesale one ... "On my very first day, my new boss called me in and said that they were about to sign a deal to release a series of 2000 AD audios, and did I want to meet the guys from this company called Big Finish? You should have seen my face. There's no escape!"

So is Barnes involved in any future *Doctor Who* work? "Gary and I have planned out something special to be released in November 2003, which we'll be writing together. And that's all I'm saying about it!"

● MARK WYMAN



A rough ride ahead for the Doctor and Charley ...?

fantastic mind – she knows exactly who she is, she thinks so clearly, she doesn't suffer fools. So Romana had to have a credible part to play – something more than a nostalgic 'special guest appearance'."

How much of the co-operation between this season's authors came from Russell's overall direction, and how much from the specifics of Barnes' script?

"That's hard to say. The season's references to a thing called 'Zagreus' are all derived directly from

YOUR COMPLETE GUIDE TO THE COMING MONTHS IN DOCTOR WHO

JUNE

Monday 3

Novel Doctor Who: The Crooked World by Steve Lyons [Eighth Doctor, Fitz & Anji] BBC Books

Novel Doctor Who: Ten Little Aliens by Stephen Cole [First Doctor, Ben & Polly] BBC Books

Thursday 6

Audio Bernice Summerfield and the Green Eyed Monsters by Dave Stone Big Finish £9.99

Saturday 8

TV Doctor Who: The Seeds of Doom by Robert Banks Stewart [Fourth Doctor & Sarah] UK Gold

Sunday 9

TV Doctor Who: The Masque of Mandragora by Louis Marks [Fourth Doctor & Sarah] UK Gold

Monday 10

Audio drama Doctor Who: Excels Decays by Craig Hinton [Seventh Doctor] Big Finish £9.99

Saturday 15

TV Doctor Who: The Hand of Fear by Bob Baker & Dave Martin [Fourth Doctor & Sarah] UK Gold

Sunday 16

TV Doctor Who: The Deadly Assassin by Robert Holmes [Fourth Doctor] UK Gold

Saturday 22

TV Doctor Who: The Face of Evil by Chris Boucher [Fourth Doctor & Leela] UK Gold

Sunday 23

TV Doctor Who: The Robots of Death by Chris Boucher [Fourth Doctor & Leela] UK Gold

Thursday 27

DWM 319 on sale
Audio Doctor Who: Neverland by Alan Barnes [Eighth Doctor, Charley & Romana] Big Finish

Saturday 29

TV Doctor Who: The Talons of Weng-Chiang by Robert Holmes [Fourth Doctor & Leela] UK Gold

Sunday 30

TV Doctor Who: The Horror of Fang Rock by Terrance Dicks [Fourth Doctor & Leela] UK Gold

JULY

Monday 1

Novel Doctor Who: History 101 by Mags Halliday [Eighth Doctor, Anji & Fitz] BBC Books

Novel Doctor Who: Combat Rock by Mike Lewis [Second Doctor, Jamie & Victoria] BBC Books

Thursday 4

Audio Bernice Summerfield and the Plague Herds of Excels by Stephen Cole Big Finish £9.99

Saturday 6

TV Doctor Who: The Invisible Enemy by Bob Baker & Dave Martin [Fourth Doctor & Leela] UK Gold

Sunday 7

TV Doctor Who: Image of the Fendahl by Chris Boucher [Fourth Doctor & Leela] UK Gold

Monday 8

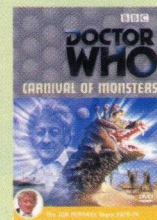
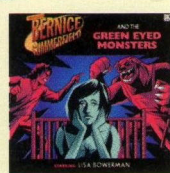
Video Doctor Who: The Creature from the Pit by David Fisher [Fourth Doctor, Romana & K9] BBC Video

Thursday 11

Audio Sarah Jane Smith: Comeback by Terrance Dicks Big Finish £9.99

Monday 22

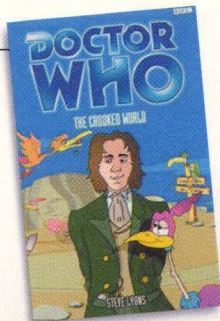
DVD Doctor Who: Carnival of Monsters by Robert Holmes [Third Doctor & Jo] BBC Video



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The Crooked World

a novel by **Steve Lyons**



Published 3 June
Featuring The Eighth Doctor, Fitz Kreiner and Anji Kapoor
Enemies A Green Ghost, a Masked Weasel, a Dawg who ain't no deppity ...
Setting Zanytown (population 512 and-a-half)
You'll like this if you like ... Scooby-Doo, Where Are You?, Conundrum, The Space Age, Who Framed Roger Rabbit?
Watch out for Being able to stroll off the edge of a cliff – the Doctor should have been so lucky in Logopolis ...

Says Steve Lyons, "I think the 'crazy fictional world' has become as recognisable in Doctor Who as, say, the historical story. It started with *The Mind Robber*, but it's really been picked up by the books and the audios. I was worried that it might have been done too many times – especially when I found out about *Grimm Reality* – but it's a very flexible concept."

Fairytale trappings are one thing – but actually putting the Doctor into a cartoon? And, essentially, having him meet Scooby-Doo? How on earth did Steve Lyons pitch this one to range consultant Justin Richards? "Actually, I went to Steve!" grins Richards. "after a panel at the Gallifrey convention in LA last year. We'd just been discussing *Scooby-Doo* on stage, for some reason. I knew Steve was a big fan, and I'd recently got back into it as my oldest son is crazy about it, so I said to Steve, 'Why don't you think about doing *Scooby-Who* for me?' He thought I was joking, of course ..."

"I'd said I wouldn't mind writing a *Scooby-Doo* programme guide," recalls Lyons, "and I thought Justin was talking about that at first. Then I thought he'd misunderstood, and that I wanted to write a *Scooby-Who* book, which had never crossed my mind. And then, yes, I thought he was joking, and then I thought he was mad, and then I realised that, even if he was, I could make some money out of humouring him ..."

"So I spent some time trying to think of a way to use the *Scooby-Doo* characters in a realistic setting – but even-

"Justin asked me to write Scooby-Who for him!"



ually realised that, if I did that, I'd lose half the cheap gags I wanted to use! So then I wondered what would happen if I kept them in their own environment and added other cartoon characters to the mix. I knew it would be difficult to persuade the readers this cartoon world could exist, and the only way to do that was to have all the characters treat it dead seriously. And although I envisaged the book as a comedy, I always think comedy is a great tool with which to make serious points, and often all the better for it. I was keen to get away from the usual format of these stories – I thought the weakest part of *The Space Age* was when the aliens turned up, because they were there as a justification for the rest of the plot, not for their own sake. With *The Crooked World*, I was much more interested in where the cartoon characters were going than where they came from."

And although one of them is cheekily named 'Thelma', of course it's not the actual *Scooby* gang. "There was no way I'd ever be allowed to use copyright characters, and as much fun as it would have been to use the 'real' *Scooby-Doo* or Tom and Jerry, I think it would have harmed the book by making it that much harder

to believe in the setting." Ah yes, that setting. With nary a straight line to be seen... "I'd been watching *A Pup Named Scooby-Doo* – for, um, research purposes – and it had the sort of look I had in mind: no parallel lines, buildings leaning at alarming angles. *The Crooked World* was only a working title until I could think of something witty, which I never did! It kind of influenced the angle I was taking, until it ended up justifying itself. It was also an advantage that the title didn't give away anything. I enjoyed the reaction when that cover went public!"

And he'd have gotten it away with it, too, if ...

DAVID DARLINGTON

Ten Little Aliens

a novel by **Stephen Cole**



Published 3 June
Featuring The First Doctor, Ben Jackson and Polly
Enemies The Schirr
Setting A dangerous quadrant of Earth's empire
You'll like this if you like ... Aliens, Event Horizon, Agatha Christie
Watch out for The Cut-Out-and-Keep Guide to your new heroes

I have to say, if I were Stephen Cole, I'd be heartily sick of the words 'Doctor' and 'Who' by now. As Cole stresses, "It wasn't just the books I had to contend with – I was co-ordinating videos and audios, and every administrative aspect of them all, from contract through to cover." So wasn't he desperate to move on? "No – with perspective, I can enjoy *Doctor Who* a lot more. Anyway, what with proof-reading the books and typesetting them, I've never really seen the back of it! And having a *Doctor Who* project on the go is a great way of flexing imaginative muscles – beyond having to use the TV characters, it's all yours."

"I'd told Steve when he edited *The Banquo Legacy* for me that it was the ultimate Agatha Christie," says Justin Richards, "because the murderer really is the one person who couldn't possibly have done it. So Steve decided to trump that ..."

"Typed beneath the title on the original pitch," agrees Cole, "is 'Agatha Christie meets Aliens via Dennis Wheatley!'" "When the outline was finished," Richards continues, "he'd changed the name to *A Coherent Hell*, but eventually we decided *Ten Little Aliens* was too good a title to drop."

"*Ten Little Aliens* was more a nickname than the proper title at first," muses Cole, "but it seemed memorable for the preconceptions it sets up. Which is apt, because appearance is the real theme of the book – first impressions, how our characters are moulded by our physical appearance, the metaphorical masks we all wear. The first Doctor's a great character to lead that story – he's effectively a young man in an old body, but who'd ever know?"

"Agatha Christie's books are almost conjuring tricks"



"I'd never read any Agatha Christie before I found myself editing the launch issues of a big Christie partwork collection," Cole admits. "As an aside, Agatha's daughter, Rosalind Hicks, lives at Agatha's old house, Greenway, in Torquay, and has masses of her mother's personal effects. It was a real privilege to see this stuff, a real piece of the past. Anyway, once I'd read some of Agatha's work, it was fascinating to note the tricks she used. Often – and this isn't to denigrate her work – her books are conjuring tricks, presenting an illusion so ingenious and complex that even if you guess the murderer, you'd be hard pressed to work out exactly how they did it. *Ten Little Niggers*, as was, is a prime example of that, and if you take the basic set up – ten strangers arrive together at an isolated location, summoned by an unseen force, and one by one they die – it actually sounds pretty sci-fi! So that got me thinking about a possible *Doctor Who* twist – what

if the ten people arrive, but the murders have already taken place? Rather than just borrow the trappings of the murder mystery, I tried to isolate some of the devices and build them into a very different story."

"One of my editorial comments," says Richards, "was to suggest a listing at the front, like a *Dramatis Personae*..."

"...and I wanted to approach that as an integrated part of the story," concludes Cole. It actually turned into a quite fun way to disseminate some backstory. Since I was typesetting the book, I had fun playing around with the design for those bits!" As much fun as with the *Make-Your-Own-Adventure denouement*? "It's more like a *Choose-How-You-View-Your-Own-Adventure* section, really!" says Cole, "since it's been designed so that whichever path you take you can pick up what's going on. You just learn more about the characters, and the sometimes unreliable nature of their viewpoint, by reading them all ..."

DAVID DARLINGTON

Coming Up...

Nightdreamers

a novella by **Tom Arden**

Tom Arden grew up with Doctor Who. "It was the first thing I saw on TV," he says, "and in Australia it was on every weeknight. I was spoiled!"

Arden is the author of a five-volume fantasy sequence *The Orokon*, completed in 2001, and has a gothic novel *Shadow Black* being released imminently. Being thus well established, why has he only now turned to playing with someone else's toys? "I've thought about writing a Doctor Who novel before, and nearly did a proposal for the BBC a few years ago, but once I'd got into my own series I had little time for anything else. Telos came along at just the right time – I've known [publisher and editor] David Howe for several years via the British Fantasy Society, and he knew I was a Doctor Who fan, and that I'd never published any Who fiction. I was thrilled to be asked."

"When I first spoke to Tom," Howe elaborates, "I discovered that some of the ideas in his novels were very loosely based on aspects of Doctor Who. This stuck in my mind, and when I was considering authors, Tom was an obvious candidate."

Having read no Doctor Who fiction since Target's novelisations, Arden admits "it was clear from the outset that I was relying on David Howe and Steve Walker to advise me about continuity, and to tell me if I was inadvertently plundering someone else's ideas. My job was simply to come up with the best story I could!" Was there any reason behind the choice of Doctor-companion team? "I wouldn't say that the Third Doctor was my favourite," Arden admits, "but I've always been very fond of the Pertwee period, and Jo is certainly one of my favourite companions. I always thought the on-screen relationship between Pertwee and Katy Manning was sheer magic – funny, affectionate,

sexy. They sparked off each other, and it was a joy to watch. I was originally thinking of a UNIT story, based on Earth – David suggested I try a space story. *Nightdreamers* draws on Shakespeare, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in particular, but it wasn't just a random idea to try to capture that feel within a Who story. I'd liked the way certain television stories, notably *The Curse of Peladon*, are like a science fiction take on Shakespeare."

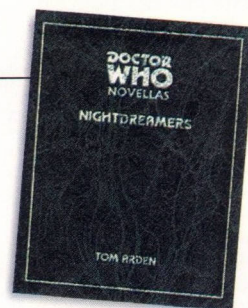
"The books that we're releasing are dependent on the fancies of the individual writers," Howe insists. "Dave Stone's ideas about *Citadel of Dreams*' dark reflection of *Time and Relative* were entirely his own, but I felt that he achieved that contrast admirably. This time around, I liked the idea of a more whimsical adventure to balance *Time and Relative*'s diary narrative, *Citadel of Dreams*' more gritty hard-nosed approach,

and the horrific elements of the upcoming *Ghost Ship*. Also, the visual aspect of the Third Doctor and Jo on rocketbikes speeding through a gravity-free forest appealed greatly! But I hope that, as we go on, the only thing that people can say with certainty about our novellas is that they are all different, and that the pattern is that there is no pattern."

As a novelist, how did Arden adjust to the different discipline of constructing a novella – a medium that relies upon succinctness? "Since I had just finished a long fantasy series – a million words in all, over five books – it was a challenge to write something short, and I'm glad I did it – I think I've learned a lot from it. I'm very happy about how it's turned out – particularly the brilliant frontispiece by Martin McKenna. And I'd certainly be keen on doing more Doctor Who work – it's fun to write, and it's fulfilling a childhood ambition!"

DAVID DARLINGTON

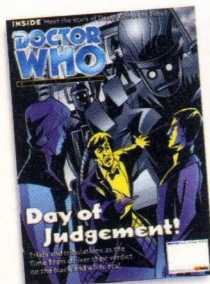
"I wanted to do a science fiction take on Shakespeare"



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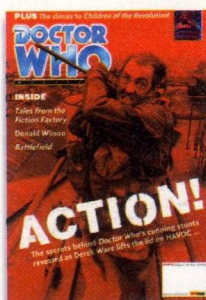
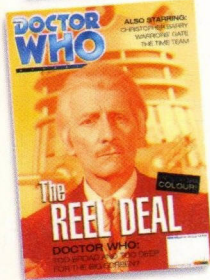
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Gallifrey Guardian

Hartnell boxed!

BBC Video have announced that they are preparing a First Doctor boxed set for release in November 2002. The set will contain *The Sensorites*, *The Gunfighters* and *The Time Meddler* – the final three complete Hartnell tales yet to be released on VHS.



Steve Roberts of the BBC's Restoration Team indicated to *DWM* that the first two tales would be treated with the ground-breaking 'VidFIRE' process, but

that *The Time Meddler*'s film prints may not be in good enough condition to make the process worthwhile. More news as we get it

DVD Daleks...

July 29 has been confirmed as the UK release date for a Dalek DVD box set, which includes the two 1960s Dalek movies starring Peter Cushing. *Dr Who and the Daleks* and *Daleks – Invasion Earth 2150AD*, both in widescreen, will be joined by the 1995 Lumiere documentary *Dalekmania*.

... and DVD documentaries

Controversial Doctor Who documentary *The Doctors: 30 Years of Time Travel and Beyond* will be released on DVD in the UK on 27 May. Among the notable moments in this unofficial film, directed by BBV's Bill Baggs, were Peter Davison's comments about Doctor Who being "crap" and a wealth of colour cine footage from the filming of *The Smugglers*. Also currently in release on DVD is the *Who Is Tom Baker – Unauthorised* documentary, which claims to include "a highly revealing interview with Tom"

En garde, Big Finish!

Cavan Scott and Mark Wright's Fifth Doctor/Peri/Erimeem romp for Big Finish Productions, previously announced as *The Swashbucklers* has undergone a name change to *The Church and the Crown*. The adventure sees the Doctor treading the same ground as D'Artagnian as he becomes involved in a web of mayhem and intrigue at the court of Louis XIII of France.

Big Finish have also released casting details for September's play, *The Rapture* by newcomer Joe Lidster. Joining Sylvester McCoy and Sophie Aldred for a tale of sex, drugs and, er, Ibiza angels is David John who previously joined the pair on screen as Derek in *Survival*

Treats in Storr

Strange Matter, the Edinburgh Doctor Who group have organised 'Saturday Super Storr', an afternoon with veteran actor Angus Lennie for Saturday 22 June 2002, 12.00-5.00 pm at the Claremont Bar, 133-135 East Claremont Street, Edinburgh. As well as an interview with Angus, who appeared in *The Ice Warriors* and *Terror of the Zygons*, there will be an opportunity to be photographed with the actor, who will also sign autographs. The event costs £20 per person, includes a buffet and further details can be obtained by emailing Edinburgh@DWAS.DrWho.Org or visiting www.geocities.com/dugs777/LGmainframe.htm

John Nathan-Turner 1947 - 2002

It is with great sadness that we have to announce that former *Doctor Who* producer John Nathan-Turner passed away on 1 May, following a short illness. He was 54. John was *Doctor Who*'s longest-serving producer, though his work on the programme spanned two decades, since when he remained one of *Doctor Who*'s staunchest allies and greatest ambassadors throughout the world.

His first work on the show was as floor assistant on *The Space Pirates* in 1969. Following further stints on *The Ambassadors of Death* and *Colony in Space*, John became a full-time member of the production team, as Production Unit Manager, with 1977's *The Invisible Enemy* – though the first serial to bear his name in that role was *The Horror of Fang Rock* [see next month's *DWM Archive*], which was recorded second but transmitted first.

Three years later, John succeeded Graham Williams as the series' full-time producer; he was, at 33, the youngest staff producer working at the BBC. His producership started with *The Leisure Hive* in September 1980, a post he would retain until the series ended with *Survival* in 1989.

Shortly after he took over as producer, Tom Baker opted to leave the title role after a record-breaking seven years, providing John with his first major challenge – the casting of a replacement for a man who was, to all intents and purposes, the only actor the public thought of as the Doctor. In casting Peter Davison, however, John ensured that *Doctor Who*'s ratings actually increased, which coincided with John's drive to make the series big in America.

John was adept at spotting the best ways to maximise



Doctor Who's media profile in a decade that saw dozens of new TV channels vying for column inches in newspapers. He cemented the show's success with both its loyal audience and the powers-that-be at the BBC. Over the next decade, John oversaw two further changes of lead actor.

In 1985, with management changes in the upper echelons of the BBC, John found himself faced with his show being put on hiatus for 18 months. This move attracted much criticism – much of it, from both peers and viewers, aimed directly at John. He nevertheless remained vehemently loyal to *Doctor Who*, which helped ensure the show's swift return.

Though *Doctor Who* ended in 1989, having proven itself a constant thorn in the side of BBC schedulers, John maintained a positive attitude throughout – determined to prove that *Doctor Who* was still a flagship drama for the BBC.

For *DWM*, he acted as advisor from the moment that he became producer right through to the show's 30th anniversary in 1993. He went on to work for BBC Video, overseeing a number of special releases such as *Shada* and *The Invasion* – as well as direct-to-video exclusives, such as the *Years* tapes.

Doctor Who fans are notoriously quick to find scapegoats when things go wrong, but John weathered vitriolic criticism – and a great deal of praise – with typical good humour. Here at *DWM*, we remember him as an advisor, contributor, but – above all – a friend. He'll be greatly missed.

We will be holding over features planned for *DWM* 319 to make way for a full tribute to John.

FOUND EXTRACTS FROM WEB AND WHEEL DISCOVERED IN NZ

Yeti more clips unearthed!

Three years after the discovery of the first episode of *The Crusade*, a second *Doctor Who* film find has been made in New Zealand. Just over a minute of lost Troughton-era film clips has been unearthed, as part of a collection of over six minutes of 1960s *Doctor Who* held by a collector.

The 16mm film footage includes excerpts from *The Ark*, *The Web of Fear* and *The Wheel in Space*. The clips from

Stewart can be briefly glimpsed. The *Wheel in Space* footage is a collection of cuts to a fight scene between Flannigan and two Cyber-controlled colleagues.

The discovery was made by fan Graham Howard whilst cataloguing a collection of film reels. The clips are censor cuts that were made to the episodes by the New Zealand Broadcasting Corporation. The full story behind the discovery, including detailed descriptions of each clip and off-screen photographs, appears in issue 65 of *Time Space Visualiser*, the journal of the New Zealand Doctor Who Fan Club. For

more details visit www.doctorwho.org.nz

TSV editor Paul Scoones told *DWM*: "All credit should go to Graham Howard for making this discovery, and for painstakingly identifying the clips. It's a fantastic find, providing tantalisingly brief glimpses of a lost classic."

Though nothing had been confirmed at the time of going to press, it is hoped that the clips may see the light of day on next year's – still to be announced – Second Doctor DVD release.



these last two stories feature brief segments from missing episodes, including 14 seconds from Episode 2 of *The Web of Fear*, 41 seconds from Episode 4 and 2 seconds from Episode 5; and 8 seconds from Episode 5 of *The Wheel in Space*. The *Web* footage contains segments featuring the Doctor, Jamie, Victoria, and Professor and Anne Travers, and the *Yeti* in confrontation with the army in Covent Garden – in which Colonel Lethbridge-



DVD AZTECS EXTRAS ANNOUNCED

Tlotoxl speaks!

BBC Worldwide has announced a further list of extras to be included on the forthcoming DVD release of *The Aztecs* on 7 October.

New interviews were recorded on 13 and 20 April with actors John Ringham (Tlotoxl), Ian Cullen (Ixta) and Walter Randall (Tonila). Their memories of the production of the serial will form a 25-minute documentary. An interview with designer Barry Newbery has also been recorded for a featurette about his work on *The Aztecs* and will be illustrated by photographs from his private collection. The interviews were conducted by *DWM*'s Richard Bignell. The DVD will also include a commentary by actors William Russell (Ian) and Carole Ann Ford (Susan) and producer Verity Lambert. The three were reunited at the recording on 15 April.

See weed!

From 27-30 March 2002, the Bedlam Theatre Company & Dramatis Personae presented *Doctor Who: Fury from the Deep* at the New Theatre Royal Portsmouth. The production was a fund-raiser for the restoration of the theatre.

The main stage was taken up with an impressive split-level control room, which was very much in keeping with the style of the original 1968 television serial. The set was covered with flashing lights, dials and meters, with a white screen at the top-centre onto which pre-filmed sequences were projected. These black-and-white inserts covered any location sequences, as well as tele-communication with any of

confident leader, before falling into paranoia and hysteria as he fails to understand or control the strange events going on around him. Mr Oak and Mr Quill made an effective double act, with Andrew Martin as Oak succeeding in being very creepy as he quietly persuaded Mrs Harris to let them both into her quarters. As with *The Web of Fear*, a couple of characters changed gender, most notably Van Lutyens, who was played brilliantly by Juno Hollyhock.

With two 50-minute acts, *Fury from the Deep* had a third of its length removed, so the story sped along at an almost indecent haste, rather like watching an *EastEnders* omnibus on speed! There was no time for anyone to get bored, with only the scenes setting up Victoria's departure providing a chance for everyone to catch their breath. The changes and cuts made to the



the rigs. Michael Sheard made a special guest appearance as Chief Baxter in two sequences, panicking away nicely out on Rig Four, and a real helicopter was used in several sequences. The nerve centre rig, covered in weed tendrils, and some helicopter scenes were also seen via CGI. These inserts lent the production the feeling that we were almost watching the original studio sessions taking place on stage, with the film segments fed in as we went along.

The play began with footage shot on Portsmouth beach, as the TARDIS crew arrive and make their initial inspection of the pipeline. It made for a very effective teaser sequence as all three were shot down by sniper fire and the production's own Troughton-style title sequence began. The lights then came up on stage, as the live action commenced ...

Nick Scovell and John-Paul McCrohon reprised their roles as the Doctor and Jamie from the company's previous production of *The Web of Fear*, while Laura Ford portrayed Victoria Waterfield. Scovell excelled once more in his portrayal of the Doctor, giving him all the authority and energy required, but also displaying a real lightness of touch with some genuinely funny lines and eccentricities.

David Head also gave a strong performance in the challenging role of Chief Robson, starting as a very



original script were hardly noticeable and in some cases actually felt like improvements.

The only weakness in the production came, quite understandably, from the realisation of the weed creature itself. Even with a sympathetic audience, the creature's appearances tended to generate more laughter than terror. Without large quantities of foam to hide behind (although dry ice was used wherever possible), the creature was too often exposed to the audience as the prop that it was. Its first appearance as it was shoved through a grill to menace poor Victoria made it look like a pair of green pom-poms being shaken by a very enthusiastic cheerleader! As with many monsters,

the creature was at its most effective when it was hidden in the dark; its most convincing appearance coming as Van Lutyens enters the impeller shaft, where the only light source was a hand-held torch.

Minor quibbles aside, the production obviously succeeded in making an impression. The final attack on the refinery generated no laughter – enough suspense had been generated that, when the creature made its final full appearance, the audience was taking it as seriously as the cast. So, as the echoes of Victoria's screams faded, the only thing that remained was the departure of the lady herself ...

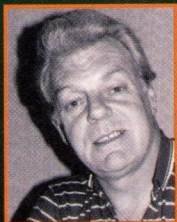
I was surprised that Victoria's departure had been retained, as it wasn't entirely necessary in a one-off tale of good versus seaweed, but it is a credit to the actors playing the three regulars that, after just a couple of hours in their company, I was actually quite sad to see them split up.

As the theme music filled the theatre and the applause began, it brought a lump to the throat of this sentimental old fan. I now feel like I've seen *Fury from the Deep* in a way that no amount of listening to soundtracks and peering at telesnaps could provide. The play not only brought a long-lost classic back to life, but also raised over £3,000 for charity. Let's hope there are more in the pipeline ... ANDREW WEBSTER

Outside the Spaceship

compiled by Dominic May

Terry Walsh Doctor Who stuntman and actor **Terry Walsh** passed away on 21 April, following a short battle with cancer. He was also notable for appearing in several episodes of *Space: 1999*, as well as for stunt co-ordinating the highly acclaimed *Robin of Sherwood* series and the BBC's dramatisation of *The Silver Chair*. His main claim to Who fame came during the Jon Pertwee era, where action was a prerequisite for most stories. Walsh's first appearance was in Episode Four of *The Smugglers* as a fighting Militiaman; subsequently he worked on *The Web of Fear*, *The Invasion*, an almost straight run of stories from *The Ambassadors of Death* to *Revenge of the*



Cybermen (with the exceptions of *The Claws of Axos* and *The Daemons*), *Planet of Evil*, *The Android Invasion*, *The Masque of Mandragora*, *The Deadly Assassin*, *The Face of Evil*, *The Androids of Tara* and *The Power of Kroll*. His final credit came with *The Creature from the Pit*. He was perhaps best known as Jon Pertwee's preferred stunt double during the Third Doctor's more hair-raising (and dangerous) escapades. He will be sadly missed.

Verity well deserved

Verity Lambert was honoured by BAFTA on 21 April when she received the award for Outstanding Creative Contribution to Television.

Who's on stage? **Bonnie Langford** will be at the Watford Palace Theatre from 14 June to 6 July in *Big Night Out* at the Little Palace Theatre – a new musical murder play by Sandi Toksvig

and Dillie Keane. **Frazer Hines** has signed up to appear in *Mother Goose* over Christmas at the Worthing Pavilion. *The Ultimate Adventure's* **Rebecca Thornhill** continues her successful musical career as Vicki Nichols in *The Full Monty* at London's Prince of Wales Theatre. Theatre Doctor **Trevor Martin** is the Soothsayer and Clown in Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra* at Stratford-upon-Avon until 13 July. The play transfers to the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, on 28 August.

Peter punt **Peter Davison**, who was the narrator of ITV's *Heartbeat* retrospective on 14 April, has recorded an appearance on the second run of the BBC's Patrick Kielty show, *Stupid Puns*. He shares the bill with Fay Ripley and Anneka Rice.

Inquisitor's **Trial** **Lynda Bellingham**, who played the Inquisitor in *The Trial of Time Lord*,

found herself under attack in March when a man from Crouch End threw a brick, with a lighted firework attached, through a window of her Muswell Hill home. Fortunately, the firework was extinguished as it broke the glass; thankfully neither Lynda nor her son, both of whom were asleep at the time, were harmed.

Gaiman Talk **Adam** **Neil Gaiman**, author of *Douglas Adams* biography *Don't Panic*, recently recounted a story he omitted from the tome: "One day, I was in his office, going through various papers in the filing cabinet as part of the research for the book, and his mother was there on a visit. I think I was looking through old *Doctor Who* scripts or something when I heard his mother ask for a towel so that she could take a bath. He went from cabinet to cabinet and couldn't find any. It was unbelievable: Douglas Adams didn't know where his towel was!"



HAVING ACTED IN, WRITTEN FOR AND STORY EDITED *DOCTOR WHO* DURING THE 1960S, **VICTOR PEMBERTON** HAS A UNIQUE PERSPECTIVE ON MANY OF THE SHOW'S LOST CLASSICS – NOT LEAST HIS OWN ECO-THRILLER *FURY FROM THE DEEP*. HERE, HE TELLS **BENJAMIN COOK** ABOUT VEINS, SEAWEED, FOAM, **JEFFREY ARCHER**, AND THE IMPORTANCE OF RECYCLING ...

If Victor Pemberton hasn't done it, then it probably isn't worth doing. Actor? Story editor? Scriptwriter? Novelist? He even launched the sonic screwdriver! But he has a weakness. Actually, he has several. "I can't stand creepy-crawlies," he shudders, "or anything slimy-looking." Like seaweed, for instance? "Urgh! I can't stand seaweed. And I have a fear of earthquakes. And, erm, tomatoes." Tomatoes aren't slimy! "Oh yes they are! I hate them. I don't mind them cooked,

but I can't face them raw. I'm a very mixed up person!" How Victor worked on some of the scariest *Doctor Who* serials ever made without frightening himself silly is, frankly, anyone's guess. "And I don't like snakes. Or journalists! Especially ones that ask me questions!" Surely not? "I'm joking! I might make an exception in your case ..." When *DWM* catches up with Victor at his home in Stambourne, Essex, it isn't just the sunshiny weather that has put him in an exceptionally good mood. "I've just finished another novel," he

enthusies, “a week ago today. These days, I try to write two books a year, which is hard work, but I want to —” He is cut short by a dancing dog. “Shut up, Josh! Stop showing off!” Josh is Victor’s dog. He can stand on his hind legs and beg for cake. Josh that is, not Victor. “We’re not supposed to give in to Josh,” Victor confides, “but we invariably do. He isn’t allowed cake.” Josh says nothing.

“I’m never happy,” continues Victor, “unless I have the freedom to write.” What is it about story-telling that appeals to him? “Bringing characters to life, I suppose, or people back to life — all the people that I’ve known in the past. I hear voices all the time — people that I’ve known, who’ve visited this house, throughout my life — so I weave them into stories.” Does he base most of his characters on real people, then? “Elements, certainly. My first proper book, *Our Family*, is the story of my family through the ages since the First World War; I wanted to give back to my family what my family have given to me. Each generation has a duty to chronicle their life in some way.” Surely, though, it takes a special talent to translate it to the printed page? “You may not have the ability to write, but you could record it, say, on a cassette recorder. You owe that to future generations. How can we build the future without knowing the past?”

How did Victor start writing professionally? “In my younger days,” he asserts, “I would criticise radio plays all the time. ‘Ghastly plays! Awful plays!’ David Spenser, with whom I shared a flat, said, ‘If you’re so clever, why don’t you write a play yourself?’ I said, ‘All right, then, I will!’ I wanted to write something about my family. And it so happened that my father, who had worked on the London Underground for over 47 years, had just retired — or been forced to retire, because he was very ill — but, as he had to leave two years early, London Transport, in all their wisdom, wouldn’t give him a pension. All they gave him was a golden wristwatch, which said on the back, ‘For services rendered!’ I called my half-hour play *The Gold Watch* — and a lady producer at the BBC loved it, though she wasn’t too keen on the ending. ‘Too down-beat,’ she said, so I changed it to the most clichéd ending ever, which had my father winning the foot-

in Season Four *Doctor Who* chiller *The Moonbase* ...

“How embarrassing! I’ll never live it down, will I? All these years I’ve tried! I was phoned up, you see, and asked to do it. How could I refuse? Jules was an astronaut, wasn’t he? He was attacked by Cybermen. I had a fellow astronaut — a Welsh boy, Barry Ashton. We had to get up very early in the morning to have all that make-up put on, like, nasty veins. ‘I’ve got enough veins,’ I said, ‘without you adding more!’”



‘We had to get up very early to have all those nasty veins put on — I thought I had enough to begin with!’

What does Victor remember of Patrick Troughton? “I already knew Pat as a friend by then. David and Pat were in a drama together, which was shot on the island of Crete, so David invited me out there for a holiday. That was when I got to know Pat, so we had a lovely time back together on *Doctor Who* — especially with Frazer [Hines], who larked about no end, but somehow the work got done. Pat was a darling man. And such a talented actor. Greatly missed. I wrote a tribute to him in *Doctor Who Magazine* when he died.”

Victor also has fond memories of then producer Innes Lloyd: “He was a gentleman. Innes got a little rattled at times, but not very often. He was just how I’d imagine a cricket commentator to be! A very tall man, physically, and he smoked a pipe. Hang on — what am I saying? He came from BBC Sport, didn’t he? He went on to make some quite controversial plays for the BBC. On *Doctor Who*, though, he never interfered; he left the nitty-gritty to his production staff.”

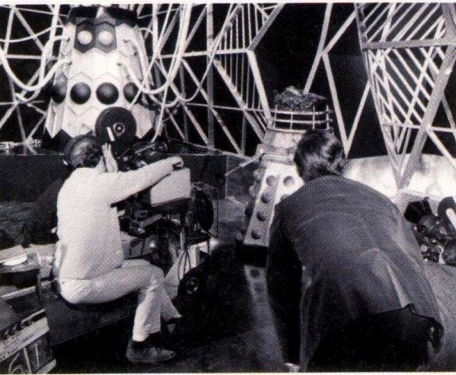
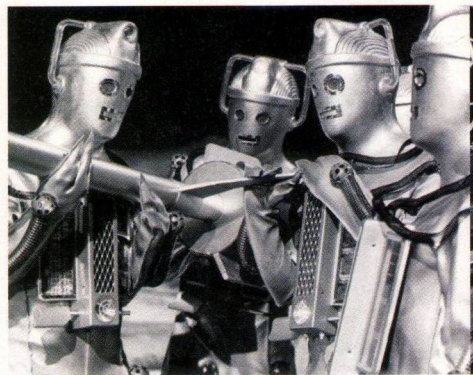
How, then, did Victor land the job of assistant story editor on *The Evil of the Daleks*? “I had written a stand-alone sci-fi serial for radio called *The Slide*,”

BBC guidelines — not too frightening, not too near-the-knuckle, not too sexy ... And I had to make sure that the story made sense. Sometimes someone would write a good script that just wasn’t suitable for *Doctor Who*, but the final decision, of course, was up to the producer.”

What did Victor make of *The Evil of the Daleks* script? “Fantastic! I thought it worked well — one of the better scripts of that time. [Writer] David Whitaker did a good job. I mean, it had problems, of course, but there was no *Doctor Who* script that didn’t. I much preferred stories that were set in credible historical periods, rather than in outer space. The Victorian era worked well — quite spooky, wasn’t it? Some viewers complained that it was too spooky for children; I didn’t think that at all.”

Why were the Daleks so popular? “Hard to say. They’re so obviously men inside wooden cases! The suspension of belief is remarkable. They never frightened me for one second — but maybe that was because I knew that John Scott Martin was cycling around inside. And he was a tall man, wasn’t he? John was insane! Is he still with us?” Very much so. “Oops. Sorry, John! No, I’m glad to hear it. ‘How on Earth,’ I asked him, ‘do you manage to get into those Daleks?’ His reply? ‘Will power!’ Brave man.”

“I thought the Cybermen were much spookier. They had an identifiable form, though they were robots, so they were an extension of ourselves, really. And that classic sequence in *The Tomb of the Cybermen* of them coming out of the tomb was terrifying, wasn’t it? I had input into that, I must admit; I suggested putting dry ice into the tombs. When we saw that scene in rehearsal, I remember thinking that, as the Cybermen came out, it looked too clinical, too perfect; it needed something to make it more ethereal, so I suggested dry ice. And



ball pools. The play went out live on the BBC Home Service at two o’clock on a Saturday afternoon; and at five o’clock that day, my father really did win the pools! I couldn’t believe it. He won a small fortune, which made national news. My writing career had begun. Many of my works have been prophetic.”

Victor needed to supplement his income, nonetheless, so he got himself a job in front of the cameras. “A television producer said to me, ‘Look, Victor, why don’t you work as an extra? I can get you five pounds a day — and you can learn the craft of television.’ I was working in a travel agent’s at the time, so I jumped at the opportunity. And I did films too. I got five pounds an hour for standing around doing nothing.” In 1967, however, Victor landed the small — but crucial — role of Jules Faure



The Moonbase (“embarrassing”), *Evil* (“fantastic!”), *Tomb* (“seriously scary”) and, erm, love in a cold climate! © BBC



Baywatch! Deborah Watling, Patrick Troughton and Frazer Hines enjoy the typical English weather. © VICTOR PEMBERTON

even in that tiny studio, I remember thinking, 'These creatures are now seriously scary!'"

The Tomb of the Cybermen saw Peter Bryant, after only four weeks as the series' story editor, being temporarily promoted to the position of producer, while Victor took the story editor's credit. "I've known Peter for over 40 years. He's a great friend; I was best man at his wedding a few years ago. Peter is an amazing professional. He knows his work through-and-through. We have a terrific rapport. We tease each other mercilessly. I love him dearly."

Victor moved back to being the uncredited assistant story editor for the following serial, The Abominable Snowmen, in which David Spenser, Victor's long-time friend and partner, portrayed young monk Thonmi. "David has been with me throughout my writing career," comments Victor, "helping me, supporting me. I liked The Abominable Snowmen a lot – but then, as David starred in it, perhaps I'm biased. [Writers] Mervyn Haisman and Henry Lincoln worked very well together. One was a story man; the other was a character man." What, then, makes a good Doctor Who story? "I maintain that, like with The Abominable Snowmen, the story – the 'germ' – must come first. Think how you can exploit the format. Never start with special effects – especially on Doctor Who. Special effects in those days just involved blowing up matchboxes, though that worked in its own way. That was that charm of Doctor Who." Had Doctor Who established its own style by Season Five? "I think it had. And that style continued into Jon Pertwee's era. The show didn't lose its way until the final Pertwee serials."

Although Victor carried out initial revisions on The Abominable Snowmen, Peter Bryant, who had temporarily returned to his former story editor post, performed most of the work, while Victor got started on tidying up The Ice Warriors. "Brian Hayles wrote that one. I thought his script was ..." He breaks off. "I wasn't mad on the story. The script was more character-based than anything; I didn't think it had a strong storyline. I said so at the time. 'This should be good,' I thought, 'but it isn't.' The story misfired somehow. Brian wrote other stuff that was far better."

With Bryant about to move up to replace Lloyd for good, a replacement story editor was needed. Victor was offered the post in the summer of 1967, but he declined, opting instead to return to freelance writing. "I wanted to write a Doctor Who serial," he admits, "but they weren't keen on that."

7.0 THE SLIDE

A science fiction serial
by Victor Pemberton

In seven parts

with Maurice Denham
and Roger Delgado

5: Danger Point

The mud is now exerting a weird hypnotism over people. Suddenly it is realised that it has human qualities, a heart-beat for instance ...

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Mrs. Luke ... NÖEL HOOD
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Professor Lippert ... ALLAN MCCLELLAND
Josef Gomez ... ROGER DELGADO
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First Journalist ... ANTHONY JACKSON
Second Journalist ... HECTOR ROSS
Third Journalist ... BRIAN HEWLETT
R.A.F. Corporal ... ANTHONY HALL
American Journalist ... PETER MARINKER

Vicar ... NÖEL HOWLETT
Tug 'Wilson' ... STEPHEN JACK
Mrs. Wilson ... MIRIAM MARGOLYES
† Produced by JOHN TYDEMAN

They didn't like script editors writing for the show, so I said, 'Okay – bye, then!' And off I went."

The story editor post was again temporarily filled by Bryant. Victor pitched a Doctor Who storyline to him based on his 1966 BBC Radio serial, The Slide. I remind Victor that he first attempted to pitch a Doctor Who serial – entitled The Slide – during the programme's second season; the script was, apparently, rejected by then story editor David Whitaker. "No, no," frowns Victor, "I don't think so." Oh. "The Slide was always intended to be a BBC Radio serial; Peter had originally commissioned it as such. And an extraordinary thing happened ... I told you that I'm a bit prophetic, didn't I? The Slide started in a school, with a rumbling sound, and a pupil exclaiming that the ceiling is shaking. And then the whole school collapses. The Slide was broadcast in spring 1966 – and you must have heard of the Aberfan disaster ..."

On 21 October 1966, 144 people were killed when a waste tip slid down a mountainside onto the village of Aberfan, South Wales, engulfing Pantglas Junior School. "That was a terrible coincidence. The Slide was about an earthquake in England, which isn't as impossible as it sounds, as we are in a seismic area. There is something known

as 'The Great Essex Earthquake!'" Victor based his storyline for The Slide on his own fear of earthquakes. "I hate them – but then, who doesn't? The Slide had an amazing cast – Miriam Margolyes, Maurice Denham, Roger Delgado ..."

Victor has a great affection for the medium of radio – "as it was then, not as it is now. Radio teaches writers the art of the spoken word – but I went into television because one had to back then. It was the thing to do. The BBC told me that the only sci-fi that had ever worked on radio was Journey into Space. Hadn't they heard of War of the Worlds? In fact, I'd said, 'Let's do an Orson Welles ... Before The Slide starts, let's have a newflash saying that something has landed or that there's been an earthquake in, like, Tunbridge Wells!' Actually, we did say Tunbridge Wells. Our listeners were scared out of their wits! The phones at the BBC didn't stop ringing. The Slide got quite a cult following. The listening figures were huge."

The BBC was even contacted by American film producer Milton Subotsky, who wrote and produced Aura's two 1960s Dalek films, about obtaining the movie rights to The Slide. "I also had movie producer George Pal, who'd filmed The War of the Worlds, enquire about the rights, but he wanted to set it all in America; I wasn't keen on that, so it fell through." The Slide instead entered the visual medium more-or-less as Fury from the Deep. "Peter had already investigated the possibility of its adaptation for television, so he jumped at the chance to use elements of it in a Doctor Who serial. In Fury from the Deep, however, the hostility came from natural gas instead of earthquakes, with foam replacing the deadly mud." Wasn't Victor worried about repetition? "No. If ideas are good enough, spooky enough ... After all, television audiences weren't as huge in those days, so the chances were that a lot of people watching wouldn't have heard



A wee bit chilly around the gorbals? Or something. © V PEMBERTON

The Slide on radio, though it did achieve healthy figures. I didn't mind reusing my own ideas. I didn't copy anything identically; I don't do that."

Derrick Sherwin, who had replaced Victor as story editor, disliked various aspects of Victor's original script. "There was a lot of jiggery-pokery done," recalls Victor, "and my script became barely recognisable. I don't believe that it should be a script editor's function in life to change something just for the sake of it. I've never been difficult with script editors, as I've seen it from the other side of the desk, but some script editors have such huge egos. Derrick took away all my tension, my story building, so I was very angry. I felt that some characters were changed beyond recognition. I said to Peter, 'If it goes out like that, withdraw my name from the production!' Luckily, most of my elements

died, Stan sent me that picture. He wrote on it, 'Happy memories, Victor.' I adored Stan and Oliver throughout my childhood, so when I came to write Mr Oak and Mr Quill, I had them in mind." Victor later considered using the pair in another spin-off project. "I might have turned them around, made them a force for good. I wanted to write a comedy series, you see – a bit like Randall and Hopkirk (Deceased), but not quite ..."

Was it Victor's intention to frighten children? "I think it was The Times that wrote a review of *Fury from the Deep* that asked, 'Is it healthy to allow our children to be subjected to this terror?' – but I don't believe that children were frightened by *Doctor Who*. Reality is far more frightening." What about the shock of seeing the TARDIS crew shot down within the first few minutes of Episode 1? "Anyone who

thought about it," argues Victor, "knew that they couldn't really have been killed. The shots were just tranquillisers! You have to keep audiences watching. Catch them with something in the first few minutes. I worked hard on *Fury from the Deep*. It was the first serial that I'd written for TV, so it was important to me. The story was important to me."

Where did the concept of killer seaweed come from? "I've often seen seaweed on the beach," muses Victor, "and thought that it looks very sinister. Know what I mean? I always think that it will suddenly spring up and throttle me! And besides, the BBC Visual Effects Department were, at that time, experimenting with a foam-generating machine!" The Visual Effects department suggested that the weed should be active inside the foam. "I had mentioned foam in my original script, but I had to bring that out more than the seaweed, so the foam became the all-enveloping nasty ..."

"When I went to watch them film *Fury from the Deep* near Margate, I found them generating tons of the stuff from machines on the beach. They were even dumping foam from a helicopter! I should think the people of Margate were livid! And how I felt for poor June Murphy, who played Maggie ... She had to walk out to sea until the waves swallowed her, you know, for the cliffhanger in which she was forced to commit suicide. I got that idea from lemmings jumping off cliffs. Why do they do it? Something must draw them. Poor June! I think they wanted me to do it – to punish me for having written such an expensive serial!"

Foam generators? Helicopters? Location filming? Was Victor really not thinking of budgetary constraints? "I think big, you know!" The TARDIS landing on the sea was achieved using a quarter-sized model, suspended on piano-wire from a helicopter. "In my original script, the TARDIS landed on a cliff-edge, but this had already been done in a previous serial [*The Rescue*], apparently; they'd never had a landing on water, though, so I was asked to rewrite that scene. And we thought it would give Debbie a chance to say 'Ooh, I feel seasick!' as the TARDIS lands! The filming was a major operation. And then, [director] Hugh David had this huge refinery set built in Ealing Studios. I was spooked just watching them film!"

Around two weeks into the shoot, the serial title, which had been *Doctor Who and the Colony of Devils*, was changed for fear of using the word 'Devils' in a



'I invented the sonic screwdriver but received no credit whatsoever! I am pert with rage!'

were reintroduced, so I was satisfied." Does Victor still think, in retrospect, that Sherwin's alterations were detrimental? "Absolutely. They were useless."

Victor's script was further rewritten to accommodate the departure of companion Victoria. "Debbie [Watling] wasn't scheduled to depart in *Fury from the Deep*," ponders Victor, "but then she suddenly announced that she was leaving, so the final episode had to be rewritten. I gave her hell for that! Seriously, though, it was very sad. The Doctor had discovered that certain sounds destroy the weed, so my original idea had been for the climax to involve an electronic pitch destroying the thing – but then I thought that this might not work as well on screen." Swiftly abandoning the idea of Jamie playing the bagpipes, the scene was rewritten to "emphasise Victoria's screams instead, which was something of an in-joke. She had screamed so many times in the past that we thought, 'Why not have her scream her way to safety?' I got the idea from a dog whistle." Josh's ears prick up at this.

"The Evil of the Daleks had been the first serial on which I'd got to know Debbie," he points out, "and when I first started to tease her! She didn't mind being teased. And Frazer, who's so wicked, even teased me. They used to do terrible things, like putting itching powder in my clothing so that I'd be scratching away all day! And stink bombs! The three of them were terrible. I was glad that I was able to write Victoria's actual leaving scene, though, as I am very fond of Debbie. I thought, 'The TARDIS crew, as well as the actors, have been together for some time, so there must be emotional ties between them.' There was even a vague hint of a romance between Jamie and Victoria, which I inserted, as otherwise they were cutout characters without heart. I had to know that Victoria was capable of crying, not just screaming."

One of *Fury from the Deep*'s most memorable elements was the double-act of infected maintenance controllers Mr Oak and Mr Quill. "Derrick had wanted to tone down the pair," Victor tells me, "to make them less sinister, but we found a happy medium, I think." Victor had devised them as an evil version of Hollywood double-act Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy, whom he had known personally from their tour of England. "Stan and I carried on a correspondence for many years." He points to a photograph hanging on the wall. "When Oliver



The sonic screwdriver. Victor's credit not shown. © BBC



Foam a friend? One of two helicopters hired for the making of *Fury from the Deep*: "I think big, you know!" © V PEMBERTON



What a carry on! Robson heads for the chopper, with Victoria in tow. Cue costly chase sequence ... © VICTOR PEMBERTON

family show. "I preferred my original title," confesses Victor, "but I understood why Peter had to change it." *Fury from the Deep* was, however, the first serial to feature the Doctor's sonic screwdriver. "I get pert with rage over that. I'm very cross that the sonic screwdriver, which I invented, was marketed with no credit to myself – or Peter, who made further suggestions – whatsoever. Absolutely outrageous! It's one thing not to receive any payment, but another not to receive any credit! That caused a storm at the time, too. I introduced the sonic screwdriver – I did! – in the first episode of *Fury from the Deep*!"

How much does it bother Victor that *Fury from the Deep* no longer exists in the BBC Archives? "Very much so. People have been robbed! And the telesnaps that the BBC put online were terrible! I wasn't even consulted. They should have asked me first. And I was very cross when I logged on to find the whole of my *Fury from the Deep* script on the net. The whole lot! When we tackled someone about it, they said, 'We didn't think Mr Pemberton would mind. We'll take it off if you want' – but it'd been on their site for a year! Writers have to earn a living! Residuals aren't a bonus; they're part of our work. People mustn't take them away from us."

Victor novelised *Fury from the Deep* in 1986 for Target books. Why was his novel, I wonder, so much longer than the others in the range? Not that we're complaining, but ... "Writing books came quite late in my life," relates Victor. "The *Fury from the Deep* novel was, in fact, my first book. And I hadn't read any Doctor Who books before, so nobody had told me about word counts! I wouldn't do it unless I wrote it as a proper book. A novel is a novel." And earlier this year, *Fury from the Deep* was recreated on stage to raise money for the restoration of Portsmouth's New Theatre Royal. "I asked for consultation," states Victor, "to make sure that nothing was changed too dramatically. And Michael Sheard shot some filmed inserts for them on location. They asked me to appear in it, too; I said, 'You've got to be joking! Anybody who saw me in *The Moonbase* will know that I should never be seen on camera again! I can't cope with lines.'"

Following the success of the original *Fury from the Deep* in 1968, Peter Bryant asked Victor for another story idea. The writer came up with *The Eye in Space* – about a giant, all seeing, octopoid eye. In space. "I've still got that storyline somewhere," he

enthuses, "about something out there, which has tentacles, that is like a magnet. I've always had this thing about creepy-crawlies! The story wasn't developed for Doctor Who, as Peter left – and I didn't want it taken up by somebody else. I was going to adapt the story for *Space 1999*, but then that series ended." Does Victor believe in life on other worlds? "Why not? Why should we be the only ones alive?"

So, from where did Victor's fascination with the concept of the world being destroyed 'from within' stem? "The more you live, the older you get, and



'They were even dumping foam from a helicopter! I should think the people of Margate were livid.'

the more you see the dangers. If I look back on life, I see, for instance, how technology has taken over. I'm very interested in the balance of ecology. Technology should exist to serve us, not us to serve it. We shouldn't allow it to take over, but I've seen it throughout my life, which started, virtually, with the Second World War. I saw the development and use of the V-1 flying bomb at that time. And then satellite technology with the V-2. I had a family of close relations who were wiped out by it. That was wanton destruction. Unless we have a control on it, the future is not bright, so it's up to the next generation to do something about it."

In 1976, Victor was asked to write another Doctor Who serial – this time for an LP record, featuring the Fourth Doctor and Sarah Jane Smith. "Record producer Don Norman wanted me to do it, though he had to get permission from the BBC." Victor developed *Doctor Who and the Pescatons* in two weeks flat, reusing elements of *Fury from the Deep*. "Oh God, yes! Two weeks!" What was Tom Baker like to write for? "I had to go to see him at his house. We talked about the King Kong concept; Tom liked that idea, so I went away and wrote it. It worked well on audio, I think, but my novelisation was not good. Target didn't give

me enough time." Could *The Pescatons* have worked on television? "Yes. There was talk at one stage of adapting it for television. I can't remember which script editor approached me." Script editor Anthony Read requested a storyline from Victor in 1977. "Yes – it may have been him, but I was too busy working. They wanted a story set in London, I think, with something going on the rampage!"

To date, *Doctor Who* and the *Pescatons* marks Victor's *Doctor Who* swansong; he was less impressed with the show as it developed during the 1980s. "I was in the bar at the BBC," he remembers, "when Peter [Davison] came in and said that he'd just got the job on *Doctor Who*. He was a smashing guy, but he wasn't right for the part." What about Paul McGann? Did Victor catch the 1996 TV Movie? "I thought it was utterly appalling! How Philip Segal, who loved the show when he was young, could bring himself to turn *Doctor Who* into that sort of rubbish is beyond belief. And I happen to be a great admirer of Paul McGann, but he isn't *Doctor Who*. A plague on the house of the people who made that terrible film! Sheer and utter nonsense! I know everyone will hate me for saying this but ... In later years, I found the show a complete waste of time, as it became like a circus, I think, which was very sad. When it was shown in colour, rather than in monochrome, *Doctor Who* seemed much more of a 'game for the boys'; it should be thrilling and suspenseful drama."

Which writers does Victor admire? "I love Shakespeare, of course. And thriller writers – like David Baldacci, who wrote *Absolute Power*. And one or two of Jeffrey Archer's novels, like *Shall We Tell the President?*, are in fact rather good – no matter what we think of Jeffrey Archer! I desperately want to write a political thriller. I have, you see, written such a variety of things in my time, but a lot of people think that I only write science fiction, which



is, in reality, only a small part of my long career. I've been very lucky. Then again, I've got enough rejection slips to wallpaper any room, anywhere! And I've met some ghastly people in my time, but you can't have it all. I enjoy writing what I want to, with no one looking over my shoulder." He leans forward, almost guiltily. "Officially, I'm retired – but I don't much worry about that. I love writing too much to stop."

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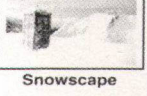
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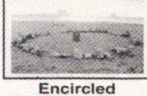
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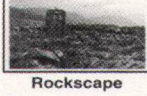
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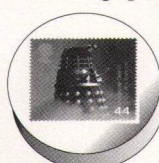
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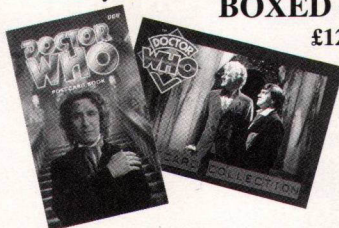
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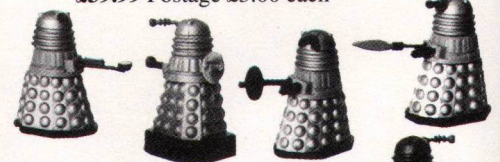
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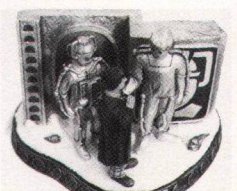
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DON'T BE SO BLOODY **HEROIC**. WE'VE GOT A TRAIN TO CATCH, AND I HATE TRAVELLING ALONE...

NO... EVEN IF I COULD MOVE...

I AM LEAVING A TRAIL... A BLIND MAN COULD FOLLOW.

BUT...

HUSH... I AM PAST HELP... AND THIS IS TOO IMPORTANT TO GIVE UP...

TAKE IT... AND MAY GOD GO WITH YOU...

I THINK... WE BOTH KNOW... MY DAYS OF RUNNING ARE OVER, NIGHTINGALE...

HERE IS... WHERE WE SAY GOODBYE...

YES... YES, OF COURSE.

IT'S FEY.

FEY TRUSCOTT-SADE.

IT HAS... BEEN A PLEASURE WORKING WITH YOU... NIGHTINGALE...

WILL YOU... TELL ME YOUR TRUE NAME?

ME AND MY SHADOW

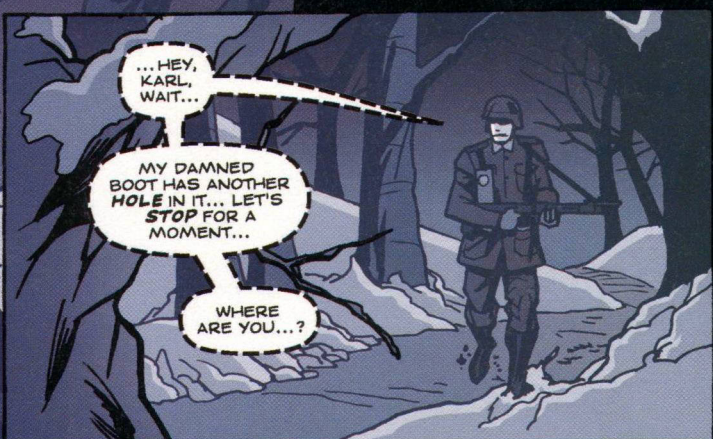


COLONEL KESSLER! FORGIVE ME, I -- I DID NOT SEE YOU ARRIVE...

THE OLD MAN WAS HIT, SIR. I AM HIGHLY CONFIDENT THAT WE ARE CLOSE...

SO IS THE SWISS BORDER, CAPTAIN. IF THAT AUSLANDER BITCH GETS THOSE DOCUMENTS OUT OF AUSTRIA, I WILL SEE YOUR HEAD ON A PIKE...

I AM HIGHLY CONFIDENT OF THAT.



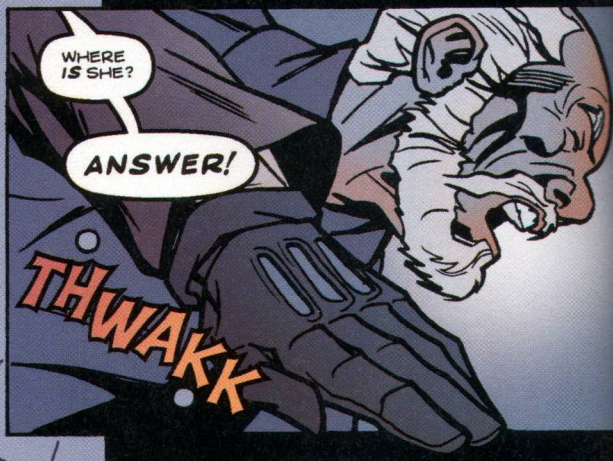
...HEY, KARL, WAIT...

MY DAMNED BOOT HAS ANOTHER HOLE IN IT... LET'S STOP FOR A MOMENT...

WHERE ARE YOU...?



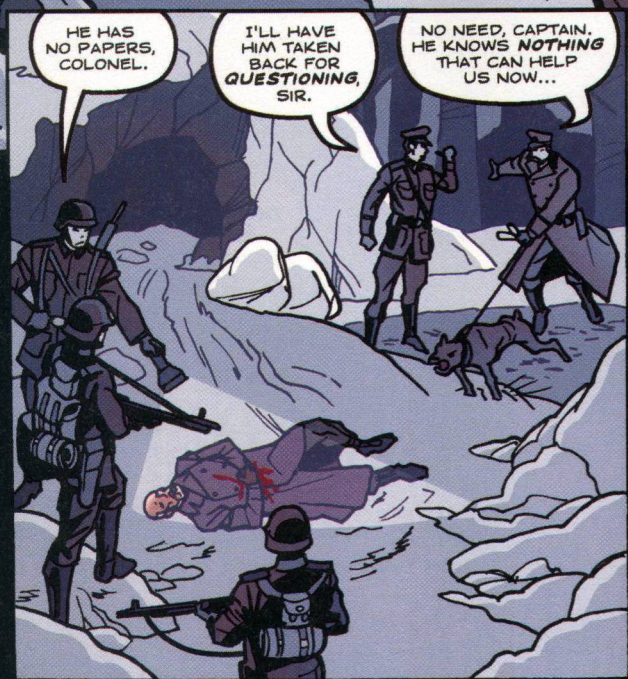
KARL?



WHERE IS SHE?

ANSWER!

THWAKK



HE HAS NO PAPERS, COLONEL.

I'LL HAVE HIM TAKEN BACK FOR QUESTIONING, SIR.

NO NEED, CAPTAIN. HE KNOWS NOTHING THAT CAN HELP US NOW...



...AND BESIDES, THOR HAS NOT BEEN FED TONIGHT.

GGGRRRR

GGGRRRRRAARRR!!!

ANGREIFEN!

NNAAAIIEEEEEEEEEEE--

FEYP
WHAT
HAS BEEN
OCCURRING
HERE?

OH, SO
YOU'RE AWAKE
AT LAST.
THEN? FOUND ALL
THAT SCREAMING
A LITTLE
DISTURBING,
DID YOU?

I HAVE
BEEN
REVIVED BY
A SUB-
ETHERIC
TEMPORAL
TRANS-

BLIND ME
WITH SCIENCE
LATER. I COULD
HAVE USED YOUR
HELP TEN
MINUTES
AGO.

WE AGREED
THAT MY CONSCIOUS
MIND CO-HABITING
WITH YOURS WAS TOO
CONFUSING FOR YOU. I
MUST SPEND THE
MAJORITY OF MY TIME
FUNCTIONING ON A
SUBCONSCIOUS
LEVEL.

"FUNCTIONING"?
THE WORD YOU'RE
SEARCHING FOR IS
"SLEEPING". AND IT WAS
JUST AS "CONFUSING"
FOR YOU.

NOW
LISTEN.
WE HAVE
WORK TO
DO...

THOR ACTUALLY SEEMS
TO ENJOY THE TASTE
OF JEWS. BUT THEN,
DOGS ARE SO EASILY
PLEASED, EH?

AH...
COLONEL?
THERE IS...
UH... A CALL
FOR YOU...

INTERROGATION OVER ALREADY,
KESSLER? YES... I DON'T SUPPOSE
YOU WANT ANYONE ELSE LEARNING
HOW POORLY GUARDED YOU LEFT
YOUR HEADQUARTERS...

YOU MIGHT THINK LOSING THE MOVEMENT
SCHEDULE FOR THE ENTIRE FIFTH PANZER
DIVISION IS GOING TO BUY YOU A TICKET
TO LENINGRAD...

BUT DON'T WORRY... YOU'RE
NOT GOING TO LIVE LONG
ENOUGH TO USE IT.



...OR PERHAPS
I SIMPLY HAVE YOU
SURROUNDED.

HHHGGG!

GGAAHH!

EEAAARR!

THUD

THUD

THUD

THUD



THUD

ARRROOOOW!!



NO
WOUNDS. NO
BLOOD.

IF THERE'S
SUCH A THING
AS A CLEAN
DEATH, COLONEL,
I PROVIDE IT.



GET - GET THE
ENGINE STARTED,
YOU FOOL!
SCHNELL!



SCHN-

THUD

CHAKROOM!



NO...

N-NO...



NOW,
GETTING
BACK TO THAT
RIDDLE,
COLONEL...



YOUR COMPARTMENT IS READY, MADAME. WE WILL ARRIVE IN ZURICH BY **MORNING**...

THANK YOU. PLEASE MAKE SURE I'M NOT DISTURBED UNTIL THEN. I WOULD PREFER TO BE **ALONE**...

...BUT WHAT ARE THE ODDS ON THAT?

COME ON **OUT**, SHAYDE. I WANT A **CHAT**...

...AND I WANT IT **FACE-TO-FACE**.

IF YOU WISH A **DEBATE**, THEN I AM PREPARED TO **LISTEN**. I HAVE NO INTEREST IN ANOTHER BOUT OF **ANGRY SHOUTING**.

YOUR PASSIONS WILL BE YOUR **UNDOING**, FEY. YOU MUST OBTAIN A **WIDER PERSPECTIVE**...

MY "PASSIONS" SAVED YOUR LIFE. AND I HOPE I **NEVER** SHARE YOUR PERSPECTIVE...

THIS MAY ALL JUST BE A **HISTORY LESSON** TO YOU, BUT IT'S THE **HERE AND NOW** FOR ME! FRIENDS OF MINE ARE **DYING**, SHAYDE...

ALL IT WOULD TAKE TO **STOP** THIS INSANITY IS ME **SHADOW-SLIDING** INTO **BERLIN** AND PUTTING A FEW HOLES IN **ADOLF** AND HIS **CRONIES**...

BUT YOU WON'T LET ME **DO** THAT, WILL YOU?

WE HAVE DISCUSSED THIS MANY TIMES. THIS TEMPORAL PERIOD IS A **CRUCIAL NEXUS POINT** IN YOUR WORLD'S DEVELOPMENT...

I CANNOT ALLOW YOU TO ACCESS MY ABILITIES AND SIGNIFICANTLY **ALTER** THE **COURSE** OF THIS WAR. THE **WEB OF TIME** MUST BE **MAINTAINED**.

WEBS ARE **TRAPS**, SHAYDE, AND YOU'RE **STUCK TIGHT**! IF YOU COULD JUST START TO **FEEL**, YOU'D **SEE** THAT!

WE WILL CONTINUE THIS CONVERSATION **LATER**. I HAVE RECEIVED A **SUB-ETHERIC ALERT**. WE ARE BEING **SUMMONED** -

NO.

MR **RASSILON** CAN GO TO **HELL**, AND I HOPE HIS **BUSHY BEARD** CATCHES **FIRE** THERE.

I'M NOT RUNNING ANY MORE **ERRANDS** FOR YOUR **MASTER**. I'M NEEDED **HERE**, ON **TERRA FIRMA**. IS THAT **CLEAR**?

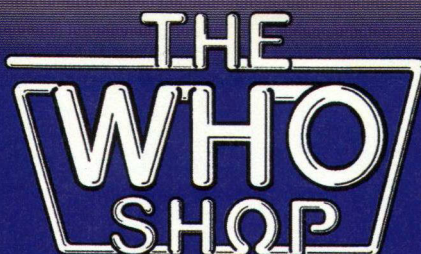
THE SIGNAL HAS NOT COME FROM **RASSILON**, FEY...

IT WAS SENT BY THE **DOCTOR**.

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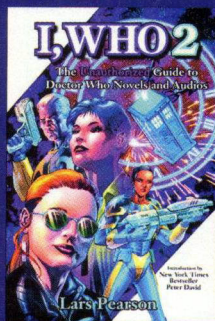


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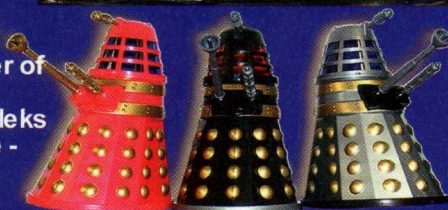
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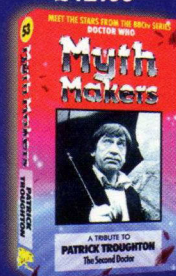
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Hello there. Predictably, there was one topic that had our mailbag frothing this month. I'll give you 101 guesses what it was ...

Public enemy no. 101

Surprise, surprise! Michael Grade's pet hate is Doctor Who [Room 101, BBC2, 15 April]. Mine is Michael Grade, as the long-running sci-fi series was doing nicely both at home and in the States until he came along! Michael Grade was an executive, a mogul – not a creative person. He was the worst kind of programme controller. Just because he didn't like something, he got rid of it – despite its popularity – and replaced it with what? *Star Cops*? He can hardly take the credit for *EastEnders*, as that was in production by the time he arrived. That Grade chose to dispense the world's longest-running sci-fi series – and the doyenne of Bond songstresses, Shirley Bassey – into Room 101 showed how blind to popular taste he always was. How unlike his uncle, Lord Lew Grade.

ROBIN CALVERT
BLACKPOOL

Michael Grade's choice for entry into Room 101 was *Doctor Who*, but this wasn't the fact that angered me; what did were his comments about the fans themselves. He called us anorak-wearing perverts with National Health glasses and obsessive personalities. A while ago, Anne Robinson made the press with her comments about the Welsh made on the same show; in my opinion, Mr Grade's comments are just as bad. To top it all off, what does the BBC show to defend the programme? A clip of the Myrka and a photo of the *Doctor Who* Pattern Book!

Yet again, it's time to say, 'Thanks BBC, with friends like you ...'

ANDREW SMITH
HULL

I have come to the conclusion that the most hated being in *Doctor Who*'s history has never actually seen one episode of the series, let alone an entire story! He judged the show solely on its weakness – special effects – and didn't go into the quality of the storylines, scripts or acting at all. I felt that the jokes made by host Paul Merton and Michael Grade were in very poor taste. I'd have thought that after Anne Robinson's controversial comments on the Welsh, Room 101 couldn't stoop any lower. It seems that I was wrong.

JASON MCKAY (AGE 16)
HULL

Now we have proof of what we have known all along. Michael Grade hated *Doctor Who*, so he cancelled it! It's great to know that millions of licence payers can have their viewing choice curtailed on the whim of one arrogant man. Grade's admission of his personal vendetta proves that, at the time of the cancellation, he was lying through his teeth. What an all-round fantastic guy!

JON BUTLER
VIA E-MAIL

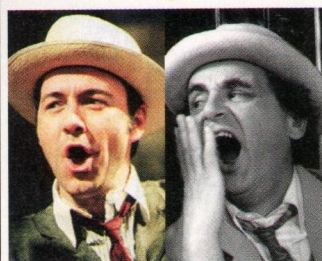
Maim that title

I was interested to read Andrew Pixley's Untitled ... article in DWM 315 – some wise words well spoken – but what amused me most was the list of 'official' story titles that DWM now adheres to. How can the magazine be so particular about these when its own feature titles are so inconsistent? Picked at random, DWM 309's lead article is either *Invasion of the Hit Parade*, *Maim That Tune!* or *DW Hits*; the main interview in DWM 313 is, variously, *The Last Laugh*, *Adams Adamant*, *Just Visiting This Planet* or plain old *Douglas Adams*; while DWM 315's feature film special really takes the biscuit! Is it (deep breath) *The Big Picture?*, *The Reel Deal*, *Blue Box Office*, *Screen Test* or *Larger Than Life*? Pity the poor researcher who has to compile an 'official' list for DWM!

MARK CAMPBELL
VIA E-MAIL

Oh, just go with the one in the biggest font. Tch!

Time and Spacey



McCoy Spacey

Flicking through an abandoned copy of *Hot Tickets* on the train the other day, I was struck by the resemblance of Oscar-winning actor Kevin Spacey from *The Usual Suspects* to DWM poll-winning actor Sylvester McCoy from *Doctor Who*. Are they by any chance related?

JUDITH GRANT
SWINDON

Barnes Atorner

Sir – My cat and I enjoyed the Stephen Fry interview in the May number of *Doctor Who Magazine* very much. However, she and I were both puzzled by Mr Fry's reference to one 'Jane Austin'. Are we to take it that Ms Austin is some sort of navelist, like Terrance Ducks and Gary Rissolle?

I remain, sir, a bit of a c—

ALAN BARNES
NEVERLAND, 2000 AD

The current editor reserves the right to cut letters sent in by former editors. And their pets.

Telegraph poll

Hooray! You've got rid of that idiot on page 50 who keeps going on about the fact that he's an actor. Oh dear, you've replaced him with something even less funny. Didn't think it was possible ...

ROBERTO PRESTONI
VIA E-MAIL

'Theme tune played on a glockenspiel', you bastards! That *Space-Time Telegraph* was one of the funniest things I've ever read. 'Final McGann Photo Used' made me laugh so much. Can't you do that every month? And I did notice that my 'bid for a new series' had more lines than anyone else's, and that made me pathetically happy, if not victorious. Ta.

RUSSELL T DAVIES
MANCHESTER

Expect to see Sorvad back in the near future ...

About Time

Good to see *The Time Team* finally getting a bit of recognition in DWM 316! The high point was that marvellous drawing of the War Chief on page 3 – so much more striking than he was on screen.

I hope that *The Time Team* really will be coming back in the Autumn, and won't just be left 'resting' forever ...

ADAM POOL
HERTFORDSHIRE

"We have not closed the door on *The Time Team*. It remains an integral part of our programming." Etc.

Wipe out!

I wish to complain about the shoddy attitude shown by Big Finish towards preserving the integrity of *Doctor Who*. It's now over two years since they started giving us brand new *Who* every month, yet have they made any move towards wiping any of their adventures?

Surely it's time we were deprived of classics like *The Holy Terror*, were forced to forget the excitement of *The Genocide Machine*, or were allowed to remember McGann's first appearance in *Storm Warning* through rose-tinted specs? How is *Red Dawn* meant to gain 'classic' status if you can just pick it off the shelf at any time and be reminded how rubbish it is?

In years to come, *Gallifrey Guardian* should be able to report "Bloodtide Part One Recovered In Mono!", or "A Bit Of Colditz Found In Crypt!" It's only fair.

I think Big Finish has neglected its duties in wiping this sterling work for nobody to hear ever again, and I expect this situation to be rectified immediately.

SHANE LONGMAN
VIA E-MAIL

We also heard from ...

Alister Pearson (who wonders why a still from *Terror of the Zygons* appears on *The Ark in Space* DVD); **Bex Ferriday** ("Anthony Stewart Head for *Doctor Who*! On a budget of £27.50 an episode!"); **Paul Skeggs** ("Is *Strange* new *Who*?"); **James Harrington** (who scoffs at "the fuss about Dan Friedman's [sic] proposals"); **Alan W Lear** ("Au contraire, Simon Guerrier! Despite your claim in *Screen Test*, Peter Cushing certainly was the only actor to have played Van Helsing for Hammer films"); **Andrew Spokes** ("Are the lyrics to DB Boulevard's hit *Point of View* based on the 'Daisiest daisy' speech in *The Time Monster*?"); and many more ...

NEXT ISSUE



John Nathan-Turner

In a special issue, DWM pays tribute to *Doctor Who*'s longest-serving producer and one of its hardest-working ambassadors.

We celebrate John's life and work as friends and colleagues share their memories, and take a look back at the incredible ten years he spent as producer of *Doctor Who*.

Plus

Behind the scenes of *Excelsis* as three Doctors, four writers, two companions and some other fascinating folks give us a whirlwind tour of *Artaris*

The Doctor and Fey begin their search for Izzy in a brand-new comic strip adventure, *Uroboros*

Tom Baker classic *Horror of Fang Rock* shines out from our Archive

DWM casts its eye over BBCi's internet drama, *Death Comes to Time*

DWM 319
on sale
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SAY WHAT YOU SEE! WITH HIS GOLDEN JOYSTICK TO HAND, TELLY ADDICT JONATHAN MORRIS GOES THROUGH THE TARDIS KEYHOLE TO ARGUE THAT *DOCTOR WHO* IS THE GREATEST GAME SHOW IN THE GALAXY. AND HIS TIME STARTS ... NOW!

ILLUSTRATIONS: ADRIAN SALMON

The very notion that *Doctor Who* is a game show is, of course, profoundly ridiculous. It's not a game show; it's the longest-running children's science-fiction-drama TV series in the world. It's not a piece of Light Entertainment with a theme tune by Ronnie Hazelhurst; it's a serious, realistic programme about a bloke in a scarf swirling around the stratosphere in a phone box, defeating invading aliens.

It is not – absolutely not – to be treated as a mere game. The very idea! After all, if it were a game show, where are the contestants? Who is the host? And where are the catchphrases? Where are the little red boxes with the scores? *Doctor Who* is fiction, with its own inner reality. It follows the rules of drama – and it most certainly isn't about two rival families attempting to win a shiny new Mini Metro and fondue set. And yet ...

In a more fundamental – okay, but slightly spurious – sense, the series is a game show. It holds a similar appeal. It engages and involves the viewer using the same devices. In many ways, it is more of a game show than it is a children's science-fiction drama TV series. Sort of.

Throughout its run, *Doctor Who* proved remarkably successful at originating quiz formats. There isn't a single TV game show that has not felt its influence.

Take *The Celestial Toymaker*, for instance. Our heroes find themselves trapped in a realm where they are presented with a series of second-rate vaudeville routines. There is slapstick, a lacklustre dance number, a deeply unfunny fat comedian ... And each routine ends with the presentation of a cryptic rhyming clue – which may or may not lead to success – and the enigmatic host of the realm has a habit of counting backwards. This is clearly the template for 3-2-1 with Ted Rogers, which began 12 short years later. The only difference being that the entertainers in *The Celestial Toymaker* were reduced to mindless playthings afterwards, forced to endlessly re-enact the same tired routines; in 3-2-1, Chris Emmett and Louise English would merely return to *Puss In Boots* at the Hippodrome Theatre, Hull.

A coincidence? Perhaps. But let's turn to *The Deadly Assassin*. In this story, a conflict takes place in a virtual reality environment where the Master controls the game. It is obviously a forerunner of similar computer-game-based shows, in particular the (suspiciously-titled) *Gamesmaster* with Dominik Diamond.

Still not convinced? Then what about that recent TV phenomenon, *Big Brother*. It has not gone unnoticed that *Big Brother* owes a debt to *Vengeance on Varos*. They both share the same winning combination of voyeurism, outlandish clothing, spa baths, claustrophobia, unlikeable characters, titillation and sadism. In both shows, the viewers observe events through a network of closed-circuit cameras and get the chance to vote off the personalities that they dislike.

But in fact, the *Doctor Who* story closest to *Big Brother* is *Carnival of Monsters*. Consider the facts ... The passengers on board the *SS Bernice* are the equivalent of the contestants on *Big Brother* – their tedious, repetitive, self-obsessed, pampered little lives



Winner takes all!



Both Claire and the Major had nominated the Plesiosaur for eviction ...

serving only to entertain the gathered masses. There is the brief prospect of romance, but it never really gets going; indeed, the action quickly becomes so stultified that it becomes necessary to introduce an element of conflict to liven up proceedings – the giant man-eating Plesiosaur, of course, being the equivalent of 'Nasty' Nick Bateman. And who hasn't watched *Big Brother* without wishing for an Aggro-meter to get things going? It's sex and violence we

want, after all. Not people lying in bed, reading books all day.

What this illustrates is that, time and again, popular game show formats have their origins within *Doctor Who* stories. This doesn't happen by chance; there are numerous more examples. You don't believe me? A few others for you ...

Young hopefuls have been brought together to audition for uncompromising and impassive judges. They seem somehow inhuman and unknowable. If the brave hopefuls impress, the ancient Gods of Ragnarok – i.e. 'Nasty' Simon Cowell and co – may proclaim them to be the new Pop Idol. If they lose, they will be reduced to cinders ... or to making personal appearances at gay clubs for all eternity. Meanwhile, the Doctor's stand-up magic routine is straight out of the talent show tradition of *New Faces* and *Opportunity Knocks*. Indeed, if Ace hadn't got the medallion to him in time, he would no doubt have been forced to resort to the infamous 'balloon dance' from *Over The Top*.

Another one? Have you noticed how, in *The Horror of Fang Rock*, each person dies shortly after proving



short in duration but not quite *Just A Minute*. And who can forget the terrifying *Robot Wars* between K9 and Polyphase Avatron in *The Pirate Planet*? Both *The Sontaran Experiment* and *Survivor* are variations on the *Survivor/Castaway* format, again with the protagon-

themselves to be the most stupid and cowardly in the lighthouse? One by one, they are eliminated by the merciless alien. The story is a natural precursor of *The Weakest Link*!

Now imagine a story that involves a quest through a variety of locales, including a futuristic city and an overgrown jungle temple. The contestants must recover hidden treasures, each one concealed behind devious traps that will test their deductive skills and co-ordination. They must solve cryptic riddles and cross perilous bridges. And then, after accumulating their treasures, they must place them in a perspex polyhedron for the grand finale. *The Keys of Marinus* with Yartek the villainous Voord? Or *The Crystal Maze* with Richard O'Brien?

Take any game show and there is a *Doctor Who* corollary. Through *The Keyhole*? Obviously *The Tomb of the Cybermen*, with Lloyd Grossman instead of Eric Klieg! "Let's go over the facts again. The spartan decoration. The rejuvenation sarcophagus. The symbolic logic puzzle. The ornamental Cyber-mat by the entrance. Who'd live in a tomb ... like this?"

The Mind Robber ends with the Doctor defeating the computer by talking without hesitation, repetition, deviation or fictionalisation. The episode is

nists being eradicated when their only crime is to be a bit nondescript. And as the Rani enters the brain chamber filled with dry-ice in *Time And The Rani*, you can almost hear her say, "Tonight, Matthew, I'm going to be ... Bonnie Langford!"

Before I move on, one further example of *Doctor Who*'s ability to originate game show formats. Somebody from Earth has been kidnapped to take part in an extraordinary alien adventure. Fortunately, some eccentric aliens decide to come to their rescue, aided and abetted by a small robot dog. It transpires that the goal of their quest is to locate a powerful crystal guarded by some rather unlikely-looking aliens. Meanwhile, a machiavellian talking pot plant oversees events and, once the crystal has been recovered, the grand finale takes place against a CSO backdrop, in which the victors begin their journey home and the losers are vaporised. *The Adventure Game ...* or *Meglos*?

It's also pertinent to note that *The Adventure Game* shared much of its cast with contemporaneous *Doctor Who*. You could be forgiven for believing that Janet Fielding, Bonnie Langford, Liza Goddard, Paul Darrow, Nerys Hughes and Sarah Greene had simply wandered into the wrong studio by mistake.

Then again, they wouldn't be the only ones to make the seamless transition from *Doctor Who* to game show. Sylvester McCoy started out on *Jigsaw*; Jon Pertwee took the quizmaster's chair on *Whodunnit*; Colin Baker has occupied the celebrated 'Dictionary Corner' of *Countdown* and seemingly appeared on every single edition of *Crosswits*; and even Tom Baker dropped in for an edition of *Call My Bluff*, though he seemed rather boggled by it all.

The flow of ideas hasn't always been in one direction, though. It is important to also note the influence that contemporaneous game shows have had on *Doctor Who*. Or rather, to note how the producers of *Doctor Who* have identified the aspects of game shows that create drama and suspense and have then incorporated those aspects into the series.

To begin with, there is the idea of the 'game' itself. At its most elementary, you have the contest in *Enlightenment* and the various sports and pastimes

The Celestial Toymaker is nothing but a sequence of lame parlour games. All we're missing is pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey!



Survivor? "Your thorax is of a different construction – get off my island!" © BBC

with which the Doctor has hobbyed himself; cricket, fishing, chess and so forth. More often, though, 'game' elements are included into the story for one reason and one reason only ... padding. After all, a game serves two purposes: it keeps the viewer engaged and entertained, and it fills up time without any of that tricky plot development business.

One could argue that those two surreal 1960s stories *The Celestial Toymaker* and *The Mind Robber* consist of nothing but padding. After all, what are they but a sequence of rather lame parlour games? It is only the fact that the games are a matter of life and death that lends them any conse-

quence. The Celestial Toymaker is blind man's buff, hunt the thimble, musical chairs and hopscotch; no doubt if it'd been six episodes long then there would have been a haunting game of pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey and a session of Twister with an electrified mat. The Mind Robber is even more uninspired, featuring brainteasers too feeble even to fill out a World Distributors' Doctor Who Annual. 'When is a door not a door?' 'Can you rearrange these pictures to make Jamie's face?' 'What kind of weapon can you make out of words?' And, just like a Doctor Who Annual, there's a section on 'Mythical Monsters' too!

The technique of using games as time-filler was revisited once more during *Death to the Daleks*. Once again, the puzzles are desperately uninspired – a maze, another game of hopscotch – and once again they have no function other than to postpone the story. It's an interesting thought that the ancient Exxilons decided to make their city totally impervious to all races ... except those who were good at low-brow picture puzzles. Presumably, like the Cybermen and their tomb, they intended to restrict access to those with a certain level of intelligence. They just set their sights a little lower, that's all.

However, if that's the case, goodness knows what the Osirians were thinking when they locked up Sutekh – the most evil being in the Universe – in a prison secured by nothing more taxing than a 'spot the difference' and a variation of the Knights-and-Knaves logic problem. Presumably, other such dangerous criminals are held captive by means of a wordsearch and Buckaroo?

The most successful application of a game to the Doctor Who format is in *The Five Doctors*. As Borusa so aptly puts it, it is 'a game within a game' – a line which, indeed, would not actually make sense if Doctor Who were not a game show. Scriptwriter Terrance Dicks knew that the best way to create a programme with numerous protagonists would be to place them within a framework that is effectively just a game of Ludo. Each group takes a different route to the Tower of Rassilon, beset en route by a variety of obstacles and puzzles. The story can be made as long or as short as required; it is simply a case of adding or subtracting games or players. And *The Five Doctors* incorporates every popular game show element – physical stunts, cryptic puzzles, and the now obligatory game of hopscotch.

Rather than disguise the fact that it is all just a big board game, Terrance Dicks makes a virtue of it. As

in *The Celestial Toymaker* and *The Mind Robber*, the idea of playing a game of life and death directed by an unseen hand is used to sinister effect. And it is for this reason that the story begins with a roll-call of all the contestants – as in *Stars In Their Eyes*, we see each participant going about their daily lives – before a miniature of each character is placed onto The Ludo Set of Rassilon. It is a device to make the nature of the show explicit.

And how does the story end? The climax is a 'quickfire head-to-head round' between the Doctor and Borusa, before we get to see the celebrity special guest, Rassilon, and the allocation of prizes – immortality to the loser, the presidency to the victor. Of course, the rule 'To Lose Is To Win, And He Who Wins Shall Lose' is somewhat arbitrary and

programme. Unfortunately, in these days of novelisations, omnibus repeats and videos, its appeal has been somewhat muted – but in the days of nostalgia, The Cliffhanger Game was king.

What happens is this: the Doctor or one of his companions is in trouble. It looks as though all hope is lost and they will be killed. Then, the episode ends – and we are left asking 'How will they get out of that?' How will our heroes find their way out of what appears to be an impossible situation?

The Cliffhanger Game is about trying to guess the answer to that question. The one rule of the game is this: all of the clues to the solution must have been given during the episode. You have to have all the information the Doctor and his companions have and work out how they will cheat

death. And then, one week later, you find out whether you got it right or not.

More often than not, however, you would be unable to come up with a solution, and so the real pleasure was in seeing the answer revealed and having the tension of not-knowing relieved. Of course – the Doctor was merely holding his breath! Of course – Ace overpowers the headmaster and opens the cellar door! Of course – the Daleks' guns don't work on this planet!

Fun as The Cliffhanger Game is, however, it is not

without its frustrations. Too often, we are put in the position of the Kathy Bates character in *Misery* and left screaming at the screen – 'That wasn't fair!' – because the writers have cheated. How were we supposed to know that the Doctor carries a snorkel with him at all times? How were we supposed to know that George Stephenson would happen to be walking by the mineshaft at just the right moment to prevent the Doctor falling into it? And how on Earth were we supposed to guess that the Doctor who jumped off the plank was just an image projection?

The worst transgressions of the rules of The Cliffhanger Game are those occasions where the cliffhanger reprise completely recontextualises the ending of the previous episode. So, the Doctor is trapped outside the door to the weather centre and about to be poisoned by a pod. Meanwhile, inside, Jamie and Zoe are cornered by an Ice Warrior. Roll on Episode Six ... And it turns out that, by the time the Doctor has got to the weather centre, Jamie and Zoe have evaded the Ice Warrior and run to the other side of the door. How unfair!

A variation on The Cliffhanger Game has been popularised by *A Question of Sport*, with their 'What happens next?' round. Rather than trying to puzzle a solution to the Doctor's predicament, we are instead simply left wondering at the consequences of the events we have witnessed. At its most basic, it's 'Oh my goodness, so there's a monster here'. So, there is a Dalek in the back of the antique shop! So, Count Scarlioni is actually a one-eyed green scaly alien! The two most famous 'What happens next?' cliffhangers from Doctor Who are, as we all know, 'the Police Box has landed in a wilderness. What's that shadowy something approaching it?' and 'what is at the other end of the sink plunger?'

This use of cliffhangers, to create suspense and to keep the audience watching from show to show until they're addicted, is common to game shows. It's at its most conspicuous on *Who Wants To Be A Millionaire?* where we'll go to an advert break or the programme will end before the answer to the question is given. Any game show, in fact, where contes-



"What 'S' – everyone – is a silly alien race with flappy feet? Anybody? No?" © R CUSICK

unfair on the contestants, but in a way cleverly presages the rise of such 'cruelty' game shows as *Shafed* and *The Weakest Link*.

How else does Doctor Who utilise the conventions of game shows? Well, there are four games we're all familiar with, but which have not, until now, been named. They are 'The Cliffhanger Game', 'The Who-Gets-It-Next Game', 'The Who-Done-It Game', and 'The Who-Actually-Is-It Game'.

I think most of us who became Doctor Who fans during the show's time on telly did so because, at least in part, we were addicted to The Cliffhanger Game. We couldn't get enough of it. We would spend every week from Saturday to Saturday thinking about it. It was the best part of the



"That third-generation pirate copy of *Death to the Daleks* would really come in useful about now ..." © BBC

tants continue from programme to programme has this quality – University Challenge, Blockbusters, even Blind Date. And cliffhangers are very useful things. They keep the audience thinking about a programme after it has finished; they keep the viewer watching by constantly posing unanswered questions, creating – and drawing out – answers.

The Who-Gets-It-Next Game may not be quite so familiar. It's a game that can be played consciously, with viewers shouting out the answers at the screen, or on a more subtle level. The Who-Gets-It-Next Game more frequently applies to disaster movies and horror movies, but it also applies to those many Doctor Who stories with a high body-count.

The game is quite simple. All you have to do is to guess who will be the next person to die. You can also guess how they'll die, but that's not quite so important. Will it be Laird? Will it be Archer? Stein? Mercer? Styles? This game particularly applies to the inhabitants of Fang Rock, Storm Mine 4, the web-infested Underground, the Hyperion III, and stories by Eric Saward. We know that, one by one, they will be dispatched in a brutal and inhuman manner, just like the contestants on *Fifteen To One*.

As you might expect, there are various rules to The Who-Gets-It-Next Game. You're not going to kill off your most expensive guest star in the first five minutes. You want to keep a good mixture of age groups, ethnic minorities and genders for as long as possible (so it doesn't look like you're killing people off on the basis of age, ethnic group or gender). The Doctor and his companions will certainly survive – unless it's in a story by Eric Saward. Or Dennis Spooner and Terry Nation. And generally speaking, the brave, clever, resourceful people will live longest, while the evil, cowardly, greedy ones will get it first.

Following on from this, we have The Who-Done-It Game, which is self-explanatory – it's about picking up the clues and working out which person is the traitor/murderer. Doctor Who has trod the murder mystery path only rarely, however, and it is fair to say that even then it has gone astray. The murderer in *The Robots of Death* can be identified within the first few minutes by his distinctive, eye-catching trousers. And the intriguing murder-mystery aspect of *Terror of The Vervoids* ends up buried in the Brummy-plants-taking-over story. The

Most of us who became fans during Doctor Who's time on telly did so because we were addicted to The Cliffhanger Game ...

murderer's identity in *The Rescue* is rather belied by the fact that there is only one possible candidate and this elementary mistake is repeated in *The Space Pirates*. Indeed, the only really effective times that Doctor Who has done a whodunnit are *The Web of Fear* and *The Reign of Terror*, where the traitors' identities do come as a genuine surprise.

Such was the potential of the Who-Done-It Game that another science fiction show adopted the format wholesale to great effect. *Captain Zep* combined both the sci-fi action and the game show elements; the studio audience would help the Super Space Detective solve cases by remembering 'clues' from the episode, and the viewers at home could win badges by writing in with other details, 'What was the name of the alien ambassador Professor Spiro met on Santos?'. The only drawback was that anyone who had a video recorder could cheat.

Turning our attention reluctantly away from *Captain Zep* and back to *A Question of Sport*, we have the 'Mystery Personality' round – or, as it would

apply within Doctor Who, 'The Who-Actually-Is-It Game'. This game works in two ways. The first way is 'Who-Actually-Is-It-In-Terms-of-Doctor Who'. We see a character – usually an evil mastermind – lurking in the shadows. We don't see their face; perhaps, only a black glove is visible. Or a scaly claw. They sit in a chair with their backs to us and cackle, insanely. The game is, of course, to correctly identify them before their identity is revealed on-screen. The most effective use of this device was in *The Keeper of Traken*, though a variation on it worked very well with the Master's allies in *Frontier in Space*.

Even if the mystery personality is not a returning character, the game is still effective as the viewer attempts to glean some idea as to the hideous nature of the creature or character in question. We see very little of the Silurians in their early episodes, for example, and are left only to guess at their appearance from a claw and a wall-drawing. Similarly with the K-1 Robot, the Tetrapls, the Captain, the Haemovores ... Once again, it's raising

unanswered questions to heighten suspense.

Similarly, the introductions of Magnus Greel, Sharaz Jek, and the Borad toy with viewers' expectations. I'm sure that I'm not the only one who thought the mysterious masked figure in *The Caves of Androzani* would actually be the Master, or that the rasping battle-computer-thing in *Remembrance of the Daleks* was Davros.

Sometimes, though, The Who-Actually-Is-It Game fell rather flat. The revelation that the unconvincing French swordsman who looks like the Master in an orange beard and wig is, in fact, the Master in an orange beard and wig comes as something of an anticlimax at the end of *The King's Demons*' first episode. Similarly, the surprise that the invisible monsters on Spiridon are Daleks is rather spoilt by the fact that the story is called *Planet of the Daleks*.

The second strand of The Who-Actually-Is-It Game is best illustrated in *Paradise Towers*. Here we have some very typical 'Mystery Personality' camera-work – a brief glimpse of moustache, a finger flicking a switch, a couple of lines of muttered dialogue. We're left guessing who this character is and what significance they hold. And then, towards the end of the episode, all is revealed ... it's *The Good Life*'s Richard Briers!

Often, though, the answers to The Who-Actually-Is-It Game are only given in the end titles. To this





day, I have no absolute idea which Cryon is supposed to be Sarah Greene. And is it really Mike out of *The Young Ones* playing Lord Kiv? It still strikes me as surreal that Lord Varga the Ice Warrior is none other than Bernard 'I only arsked' Bresslaw!

Let's return briefly to *The Five Doctors*. Such is the genius of Terrance Dicks that, within this story, he virtually invented a fifth game. A game that has since surpassed all others ...

This is The Spot-The-Reference Game. In a sense, it's a variation on *Telly Addicts*. Or that edition of *Mastermind* where the guy chose *Doctor Who* as his specialist subject. It's about testing the viewers' knowledge of the programme and rewarding them for attentive viewing. Again, it's questions and answers; in this case, though, the question is 'What is the writer referring to?' – and the answer can only be found within a lifetime of *Doctor Who* trivia.

An early example of this game comes in *Arc of Infinity*, where the TARDIS is recalled to Gallifrey – 'this has happened only twice before', we are told. So, the fan viewer is immediately engaged in The Spot-The-Reference Game. Just when did it happen twice before? Cue a hasty rummage through the *Doctor Who Programme Guide* for the answer. But it is in *The Five Doctors* that this game becomes of crucial importance for the first time, as the Second Doctor defeats the apparitions of Jamie and Zoe not by willpower, wits or ingenuity, but by pointing out that they've got their *Doctor Who* continuity wrong. He defeats them by Spotting-A-Reference to *The War Games*. How clever.

Since then, as we all know, The Spot-The-Reference Game began to take over the programme to the exclusion of all the other games, until it finally found its ideal home in the books. Planets, characters, chapter titles – virtually everything is an allusion to something in the TV show. Or the author's favourite pop groups. Or the names of their mates. Or bits from other TV shows, films and books. As the book ranges grew, so the novels even began to accommodate references to themselves, creating an

ever-more-mind-boggling web of trivia. Paul Cornell came up with the first really impressive Spot The Reference Game with the 'Hoothi' in *Love And War* – taken from a mumbled aside in *The Brain of Morbius* – but the current masters at creating Spot The Reference Games are authors Gary Russell and Lawrence Miles. Indeed, Miles' *Christmas on a Rational Planet* is rumoured to contain a reference to every single *Doctor Who* story, a feat which surpasses even *The Doctor Who Quiz Book*!

What all the above games illustrate is that *Doctor*

Suddenly, actors were not just people, who played parts, they were a spectacle in their own right. The fact that someone had once been on *Seaside Special*, or exclaimed 'Luton Airport!' in a funny voice, suddenly meant they were worth putting up on screen.

One of the great achievements of John Nathan-Turner as producer was to recognise this trend and adopt it wholesale for *Doctor Who*. If *Blankety Blank* was getting viewers because it had celebrities, so

Doctor Who, like all great TV game shows, engages its audience by posing questions and revealing – often surprising – answers

Who, like all great TV game shows, engages its audience by posing questions, and then rewards its audience by revealing the – often surprising and overlooked – answers, which keeps the viewers in suspense and gets their brains working. And that is what viewers love. The process has three stages: 1) The question; 2) The viewer shouting out the answer to the question; 3) And then the programme giving the answer. Intrigue – interaction – reward. The ideal formula for entertainment.

In other respects, *Doctor Who* has followed the trends displayed in other TV game shows. And the most obvious element it has implemented is celebrity guests. Now, the idea of a celebrity guest is actually quite a modern invention. By a celebrity, I mean an actor – or at least, someone associated with the entertainment profession – who is famous enough to get away with not actually doing anything. In the 1960s and 1970s, entertainers only appeared on television doing what they were actually famous for, but that all changed in the 1980s. And the programme that changed it was *Blankety Blank*.

could our favourite sci-fi show.

And it worked! It seemed incongruous at times. Occasionally, it seemed like lunatic miscasting – but it made *Doctor Who* bigger. And more important. And it gave viewers a bonus as they played The 'Isn't That What's Name, Oh What Have I Seen Her In?' Game. This game actually first occurs at the end of *City of Death*, where John Cleese has no call to be there, but the beauty lies in the fact that he is there.

In many ways, John Nathan-Turner was ahead of his time; nowadays, we think nothing of Barbara Windsor turning up in *EastEnders*, Les Dennis in *Brookside* or virtually every BBC drama containing someone out of *The Fast Show*. In the early 1980s, however, it did come as a culture shock to see Rodney Bewes, Chloe Ashcroft and Rula Lenska fighting the Daleks. Without wishing to be disingenuous, one suspects that a similar approach was even used in the casting of at least one companion – hiring them because of their celebrity caché and the corresponding audience they would bring in.

And there is nothing wrong with that; indeed,

every 'celebrity' to appear in *Doctor Who* acquitted themselves more than admirably – with, perhaps, the possible exception of Lee John – because *Doctor Who* gave them a chance to get away from playing the Supermatch Game or tittering at Kenny Everett's microphone-bending-antics, and to actually demonstrate their talent. One need only look to Nicholas Parsons – the only first-division game show host to appear in *Doctor Who* – who gives a revelatory performance in *The Curse of Fenric*.

In many ways, it is a shame that *Doctor Who* finished when it did, as surely it was only a matter of time before we were treated to guest performances from Fred Harris, Su Pollard, Paul Daniels, Duncan Norvelle and Gary Wilmott. All of whom would have been terrific. The Kranksies could have been an Oak and Quill for the 1990s!

It's interesting to note that Big Finish have not been slow in realising the additional kudos – and additional sales – that result from including celebrity 'names' in the casts, and in so doing are continuing the approach initiated by John Nathan-Turner. If *Doctor Who* were on TV today, it would do well to boast a cast that included Mark Gatiss, Matt Lucas, James Bolam, Simon Pegg, Jessica Stevenson, Christopher Biggins and Anthony Stewart Head. And it's no coincidence that BBC's *Death Comes To Time* included Stephen Fry and John Sessions in its cast. The celebrity factor is big business nowadays. If, as the saying goes, David Jason wanted to play *Doctor Who*, then the series would come back tomorrow.

So how else has *Doctor Who* followed the fashions of game shows? Well, in the late 1970s, *Tiswas* was enjoyed throughout the land – except by those children who were so middle-class they weren't allowed to watch ITV – and its appeal was largely due to seeing people being drenched in cold water or splatted with foam – often flung by a certain 'Sylveste' McCoy. Now, *Doctor Who* had been doing foam since the late 1960s, when the BBC special effects department bought a foam machine and used it on every single Troughton story in some capacity or other. But what *Tiswas* did – and what *Crackerjack* and Noel Edmonds later refined – was the appeal of seeing people covered in slime. Or 'gunge', as it became known.

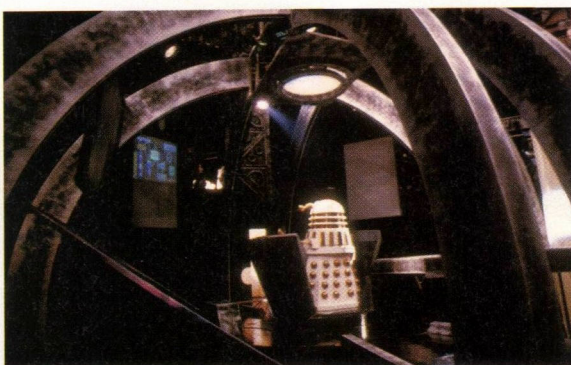
So, it should come as no surprise that 1980s *Doctor Who* was full of gunge too – most obviously in the slapstick finale to *The Mysterious Planet*, yes, but also in many other stories. Just as the losers in *Crackerjack* would get gunged, so the defeated monsters in *Doctor Who* would have equally slimy deaths. Every villain – be it Sea Devil, Malus or Omega – would have gunk simply oozing out of its eye sockets and nostrils. If there had been a studio audience, it would've been going, 'Oooeeuch!'

Another area where *Doctor Who* and other game shows have borrowed from each other has been in their sets. Many attempt to create a sense of concentrated power and high technology; the resemblance between the set for *Who Wants to Be a Millionaire?* and the Dalek mothership in *Remembrance of the Daleks* cannot be coincidental. And on one occasion, *Doctor Who* actually used a game show set outright; my namesake helped the Doctor defeat the Mara on the very same stage where Nicole sang *A Little Peace* in the 1982 Eurovision Song Contest!

And there's one more way in which *Doctor Who* works as a game show. That is in terms of contestants and hosts. Each one has a specific function with the programme ... The contestants are you and me – ordinary Joe Public audience identification figures. When we see the contestants on screen, we

put ourselves in their place. We empathise with them, and thus we are drawn into the action. The companions in *Doctor Who* fulfil the same function.

So, the contestants/companions must use their wit and stamina to beat the forces that weigh in against them. What about the quizmaster? Well, there are two types of host. There are the nice ones, who work with the contestants, who cajole, joke and encourage them; and there are the nasty ones, who subject them to cold, bitter interrogation. In recent years, the nasty ones have gained more popularity – Anne Robinson, famously, though Jeremy Paxman has a neat line in sarcasm. It hardly takes a leap of insight to realise that the hosts represent the Doctor/villain contention. The nice hosts are, effectively, the Doctor. In the case of *The Crystal Maze*, Richard O'Brien's unusual dress and eccentric banter meant that he effectively ruled himself out of the role of *Doctor Who* on the grounds that he'd already played the part for several years. The nasty hosts are the villains – they dress in formal, black clothes, and they sit in a dark and spooky Villain Den behind a Villain Desk in a high-backed Villain



Fastest plunger first? "I'll take the money, Chris ..." © BBC

Chair. They are at the centre of a web of power with controls and information and monitors at their fingertips. They are the Question-Master. And they are to be feared.

This is neatly illustrated within the series during its fingers-on-buzzers rounds – or, to use a more appropriate term, interrogation scenes. In *Genesis of the Daleks*, Davros has the Doctor strapped to a chair ... Name? Doctor. Profession? Time traveller. Chosen specialist subject? The future history of the Daleks ...



A Sea-Devil expires in graphic, gungey 1980s style. Altogether now: "Oooeeuch!". © BBC

What conclusions, then, can we draw from all this? *Doctor Who* is a game show in many respects; it utilises the same devices to engage and entertain the viewer. It creates suspense by posing questions. It involves the viewer by playing games with them and making them work.

One of the buzzwords in the world of television at the moment is 'interactivity'. The future of television is, apparently, 'interactive' and there are several ways in which this can be achieved. You can have little URLs at the end of every programme to encourage people to go to websites. You can have tie-in books, magazines and DVDs. The latest technological breakthrough allows viewers to 'take part' in programmes by pressing buttons on their remotes – a development predicted in *Vengeance On Varos*.

But isn't this missing the point? Surely TV should be interactive through challenging its audience? Game shows, in which the viewer constantly participates, are the original interactive television. And so is *Doctor Who*. Simply by reading this article, you're interacting with the show. *Doctor Who* has sparked our imaginations, aroused our interest. It's taught us things. We've analysed and discussed and studied it. Another buzzword is 'water-cooler-TV'; shows that make people talk. *Doctor Who* achieved this in the playground; it was drinking-fountain TV!

Sadly, the people using the buzzwords believe that television is, essentially, a passive experience. TV as wallpaper – *Animal Hospital*, *Changing Rooms*, *Ground Force*, *I Love 1982* ... Television where the viewer is a consumer, being drip-fed with a product. *Doctor Who* is different. *Doctor Who* is the original interactive television programme. That's why it's a game show, first and foremost – because it's a programme we all take part in.

Interactivity is indeed the future. After all, it's the game shows that capture the public's imagination and deliver the big audiences: *Big Brother*, *Pop Idol*, *Who Wants To Be A Millionaire?*, *The Weakest Link* ... Every television channel is desperately searching for another format that will break through in the same way. Another format with the same appeal for viewers. Another programme that viewers don't just passively watch, but which actively engages them and gives them something to think about.

So, bring back the ultimate game show. The greatest game show in the galaxy. Bring back *Doctor Who*! After all, they did it with *Blankety Blank* ... **DUM**

The Krotons



EPISODE ONE

Abugond and Vanagond, two students of the humanoid Gond community, are accorded the honour of becoming 'Companions of the Krotons' – and they enter a large machine, which is accessed via the Gonds' Hall of Learning. Thara – the son of Selris, the Gond leader – objects to Vana becoming a Companion, and speaks out against the Krotons, whom the Gonds have never seen.

Meanwhile, the Doctor, Jamie and Zoe emerge from the TARDIS into a Waste Land dominated by a mountain of mica. They soon locate the settlement and see a disorientated Abu emerge from a hatchway. Dispersion jets from the wall engulf Abu in a spray, dissolving him.

Arriving at the Hall of Learning, the travellers attempt to alert the Gonds to Abu's death in the forbidden Waste Land, and realise that Vana is heading for the same fate. They rush back to the hatch with Thara, where the Doctor's umbrella protects the hypnotised Vana from the dispersion jets. Back at the settlement, Selris relates the legend of how the Krotons arrived from the skies thousands of years ago; the Krotons educate the Gonds via the teaching machines. Beta, the Controller of Science, informs Selris that Thara and some other

GREAT JUMPING GOBSTOPPERS, WHAT'S THIS? A SMELLY PLANET FULL OF BRUMMIE MONSTERS? HIGH-BRAIN ANDREW PIXLEYGOND ENTERS THE DYNOTROPE AND PROVIDES US WITH A COMPANION TO *THE KROTONS*. HOPE HE REMEMBERED TO SET THE HADS ...

student are planning to wreck the machines, forcing the Krotons to emerge. The Doctor and his friends race to the Hall, and are able to prevent further destruction by the Gond students – but inside the machine, a computer system recognises the Doctor's influence and an image of his face is registered. A snake-like device emerges from the machine and advances on the Doctor ...

EPISODE TWO

The Doctor backs away, bringing his hands up to shield his face – and the probe becomes confused, searching vainly for its lost quarry and lashing out at one of the Gond students

instead. The group leave the Hall of Learning at the command of a Kroton voice. The Doctor tends to Vana and considers how the Krotons have controlled the knowledge of the Gonds. Leaving Jamie to administer some pills to Vana when she recovers, the Doctor and Zoe investigate the Learning Hall with Selris. A bored Zoe tries one of the teaching machines and registers a high score – resulting in the Krotons summoning 'Zoegond' as a Companion. The Doctor also takes the test – and he is summoned inside the machine as 'Doctorgond'.

Inside, the Doctor and Zoe are confronted by a machine of spinning lights, which converts their mental power into energy. They see a nearby tank of crystals suspended

in liquid bubble to life. A shape begins to form. The pair hurry out of the control room as two large, crystalline, robot-like Krotons emerge from the tanks. The Doctor and Zoe exit through the hatchway into the Waste Land, narrowly avoiding the dispersion units, and the Krotons turn their attention to Jamie, who is trying to force his way into their machine after his friends. Jamie is allowed to enter. He is subjected to the conversion machine, but his intelligence registers as far lower than his 'high brain' friends. One of the Krotons decrees that he is a primitive and therefore "the power will kill it ..."

EPISODE THREE

The other Kroton turns off the device, as Jamie might still be of value. The Doctor and Zoe return to the TARDIS – and the Krotons observe this on their scanners. One Kroton takes a portable dispersion unit and leaves the machine – the Dynotrope – to recapture the 'high brains'; it is nearly blind, however, and has to be guided by its fellow back in the control room. At the moment that the Kroton corners the Doctor and Zoe outside the TARDIS, Jamie attacks it in the machine, allowing his friends to escape while the creature is disorientated. The Kroton uses its

'I expect it will be quite interesting really ...'



Brolly good: the Doctor protects himself from the sulphurous drizzle. © BBC

dispersion unit and apparently destroys the TARDIS, but the ship rematerialises safely nearby thanks to its Hostile Action Displacement System. Jamie is able to give his Kroton guard the slip.

Beta is confronted by the ambitious Eleek, who reveals that he has taken control of the Council from Selris and is planning to attack the Krotons. Vana recovers, and Thara tells Selris that Eleek is moving against him. Knowing that the Dynotrope is made of tellurium, the Doctor goes to see Beta with some sulphur and gives him instructions for mixing chemicals. When he

learns that Selris and his men are attacking the supports of the Dynotrope in the Under-Hall, the Doctor rushes to stop them. However, Selris' work has already made the Under-Hall roof unstable – and when the Doctor urges them to leave, he is caught in a mass of falling rubble ...

EPISODE FOUR

Thara and Zoe manage to get to the Doctor and bring him to safety, but Thara is injured and is tended by Zoe and Vana. Eleek

The door of the machine in the learning hall opens, and the Doctor and Zoe peer inside, somewhat nervously ...

DOCTOR Well, are you ready?

ZOE I – I suppose we have to?

DOCTOR Well we started this, we'd better go through with it. We've got to get to the bottom of this somehow Zoe.

ZOE Oh, this is all my fault.

DOCTOR (SMILING) Oh, cheer up, cheer up. I expect it will be quite interesting really.

Selris solemnly lays his hand on the Doctor's shoulder

SELRIS I am sorry, Doctor. My people will always remember you.

DOCTOR (PLEASED) Oh ... **(THEN REALISING WHAT SELRIS MEANS)** Oh – oh. That's very nice of them.

From **The Krotons** Episode Two by Robert Holmes

condemns Selris' foolish actions and announces that he has taken control. Hearing that Jamie has entered the Dynotrope, the Doctor and Zoe rush to the Waste Land to save him from the dispersion jets as he emerges. In the meantime, one of the Krotons emerges from the machine and orders the Gonds to hand over the 'high brains' to them. The treacherous Eleek complies – and when the Doctor and Zoe return to the Learning Hall, they are captured and forced into the machine.

Jamie is sent by the Doctor to help Beta with his chemical experiments into creating acid. Meanwhile, the Krotons start their take-off procedures. The Dynotrope was once part of a space battle fleet – but with the other two crew 'exhausted', the two

remaining Krotons need two 'high brains' to activate the system, which will then transfer them back to their own cosmos. The Krotons are nearly exhausted, so the Doctor and Zoe play for time. Selris manages to get into the machine with a bottle of acid made by Beta – and, although he is killed by the Krotons, Zoe manages to empty the acid into the slurry tank from which the Krotons draw their life-force. The Krotons collapse – and both they and the Dynotrope start to melt. The Doctor and Zoe emerge and are reunited with Jamie, who has been helping Beta to attack the machine from outside with more sulphuric acid. The trio depart as Thara determines to seize control from Eleek and ensure that the Gonds use their new-found freedom to find their own answers.

In Production



Sleeping beauty: Selris, Jamie, Zoe and the Doctor attempt to revive the catatonic Vanagond. © BBC

In early 1965, Shaun Sutton – the new Head of Drama Serials at the BBC – returned to writer Robert Holmes a storyline that he had submitted for a four-part science-fiction thriller serial. The idea had been sent in as a possible drama in its own right, but Sutton advised Holmes that they had no available slots for his storyline – and that they were thinking of ending this type of serial anyway. Noting the science-fiction content, Sutton recom-

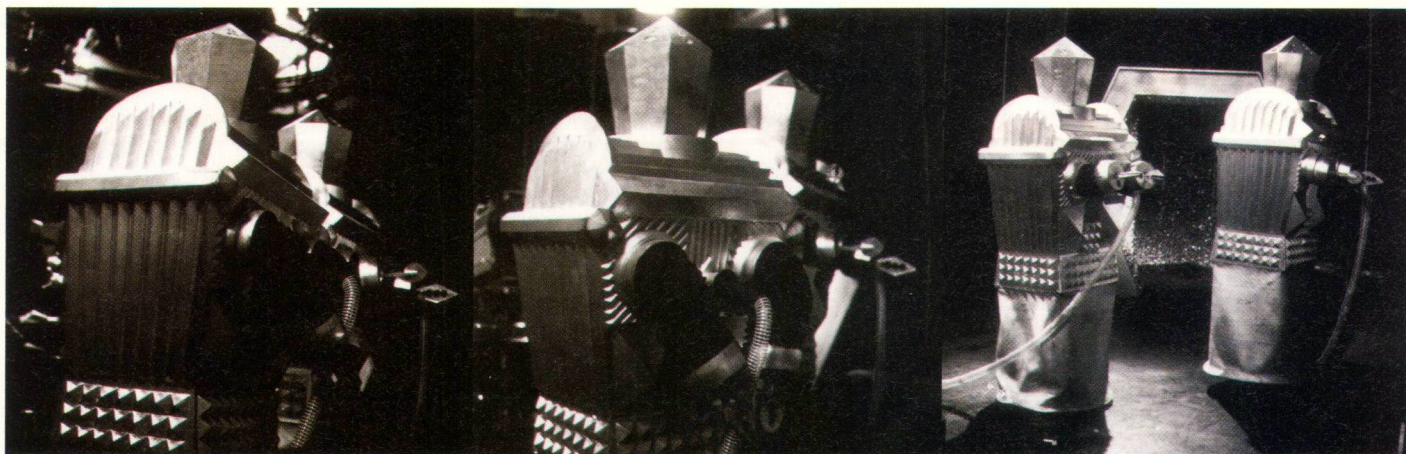
mended that Holmes should approach the Doctor Who production office with it. Although he considered what he had seen of Doctor Who to be very poor science-fiction, Holmes contacted the office during the Spring.

At that time, Donald Tosh was in the process of taking over as the third story editor of Doctor Who; he met with Holmes on Friday 23 April, and the two discussed Holmes' abortive idea. Over the weekend, Holmes reworked his original notion to contain the Doctor and his companions, and submitted this four-part storyline to Tosh. In the first episode, "Dr Who" and his three unnamed companions – presumably the then-current characters of Ian, Barbara and Vicki – arrive on an uninhabited planet and find a giant spacecraft overgrown by vegetation. Their presence reactivates the systems and, in a control room, a "robot-figure" watches Dr Who's party on TV screens. A clammy mist suddenly surrounds the group, then vanishes; the travellers seem to suffer no ill effects, but soon it is apparent that it is an amnesia gas. With their memory cells anathematised, they forget their most recently acquired skills and knowledge, and then their identities. In a state of helplessness, two robots collect the travellers and take them to the ship.

In the second episode, the gas wears off, but the robots will not explain why the travellers are being held. The group try to escape, but their actions are anticipated by the robots; the travellers find that they can win food and drink as rewards for displaying intelligence and manual dexterity. In the third episode, the humanoid controllers of the spaceship wake from thousands of years of suspended animation and explain their plight: an accident in a

galactic ionisation belt caused a crash landing, killing five of the crew. The three surviving controllers need another three intelligent beings to help them take off, so they enter suspended animation, leaving the robots on sentinel duty to find creatures capable of being trained for their ship's operation.

In the final episode, it becomes clear that Dr Who and his party are to be press-ganged for a long trip to a distant planet; and since the humanoids have no



"But what's my direction point, luvvie?" Robert La'Bassiere and Miles Northover attempt to manoeuvre in the restrictive Kroton costumes. © BOBI BARTLETT

sentiment and only require three extra crew, the least proficient of the TARDIS travellers will be eliminated. Holmes indicated that the travellers would sabotage the ship and escape, explaining: "There are two or three ways that occur to me in which this might be done but I don't want to go into too much detail at this preliminary stage ..." As it turned out, any hope of this storyline being developed for the third season, for which Tosh was soon commissioning scripts, was dashed when Holmes was asked to write scripts for ABC's drama *Public Eye*. Tosh did not pursue the idea, and Holmes soon forgot about his *Doctor Who* submission.

Three years later, story editor Derrick Sherwin was looking to commission Serial WW of *Doctor Who*. The first serial lined up for this slot was *Dr Who and the Dreamspinner*, a four-part story by Paul Wheeler – a writer who had contributed to *Boy Meets Girl* and *Thirty Minute Theatre* – on Friday 23 February. The storyline was delivered on Monday 11 March and, two days later, Sherwin commissioned Wheeler to deliver his first script as a test piece by Saturday 1 June. It would seem that his submission was unsuitable, since *The Dreamspinner* project was written off on Tuesday 9 April.

The next submission for Serial WW came from Dick Sharples, who, with his writing partner, Gerald Kelsey, had been known for numerous comedy series in the 1950s, such as *Joan and Leslie*, *The Randall Touch* and *Free and Easy*. In recent years, Sharples had gravitated towards drama and adventure. *Doctor Who* producer Peter Bryant felt that the series was taking itself too seriously, and approached Sharples for a light-hearted serial that would redress the balance. As such, Sherwin commissioned Sharples for a breakdown of *Doctor Who and the Amazons* on Wednesday 24 April, which itself appears to have replaced an abandoned four-part story on Tuesday 30 April.

Sharples had delivered his storyline – now entitled *The Prison in Space* – by the end of May; it focused around the concept of role reversal with women being the

dominant gender. Although a lot of humour was to be derived from the situation (and one of the elements involved Jamie having to be disguised as a female 'Dolly Guard'), Sharples was adamant that this should be played "to avoid any suggestion of over-the-top Whitehall farce".

In the meantime, Robert Holmes' writing career continued with scripts for *The Saint*, *Intrigue* and the ABC thriller *Undermind*. By Spring 1968, he was preparing to move house; while clearing out his files one weekend, came across a copy of the storyline letter that he had sent to Tosh. Aware that Peter Bryant was now producing *Doctor Who*, Holmes sent the idea to him on Monday 20 May.

Bryant passed the 1965 outline to Sherwin and his new assistant Terrance Dicks. Dicks very much liked Holmes' basic notion, but there was no immediate slot available for it in the sixth season, which was then being planned. The production team arranged a meeting with Holmes one evening at the King's Head and, after discussing the idea, the commission for a four-part story breakdown came from Sherwin on Friday 31 May under the title *Doctor Who and the Space-Trap*.

Meanwhile, Sharples' storyline was taken up for development. Sharples was asked to take particular care with several elements: the sequences where Jamie was disguised as a Dolly Guard, the scenes bridging Episode Three and Four, a 'Space Capsule' that was in Episode Four, and the Doctor and Jamie's arrival at the prison at the start of Episode Two. On Tuesday 4 June, Bryant commissioned all four episodes of *Doctor Who* and the *Prison in Space* to be delivered by Monday 2 September for recording from mid-November. At this point, Sharples was informed about a change to the regular

characters line-up. Frazer Hines, who played the Doctor's companion Jamie, had decided to move on from *Doctor Who* after almost two years. The actor's most recent contract – for Serials VV (*The Invasion*) and WW – had been arranged on Tuesday 30 April, so Jamie's swansong would be Sharples' serial. A new companion called Nik had been developed by Bryant and Sherwin. As such, Sharples was to write Jamie out of the serial in Episode Four and also introduce Nik along the way.

The same day as *The Prison in Space* was commissioned, development of *The Space-Trap* was also confirmed. The first version synopsis from Holmes was received by Dicks on Friday 14 June. The storyline submitted was entitled *The Trap* and was very close to the basic outline that would make it to the screen. In the first episode, the Doctor and his friends see a "shattered student exit ... sprayed by acid". The machine makes an "identikit picture" of the Doctor before a metal hose emerges to attack him. In the second episode, after the hose attacks another of the Gonds rather than the Doctor, "Avrik, Selris' deputy, urges tough line with machine" and "The Gonds, lead by Avrik ... plan to attack the machine". Entering the machine, the Doctor and Zoe see "a man-like form emerge from the tank". In the third episode, "the Gonds attack the machine's power line. The Doc is worried – he asks for chemicals from Vana ... Doc warns Gonds of dangers of attacking power line. The tunnel caves in on the doctor".

On Tuesday 25 June, Bryant commissioned the four episodes of *Doctor Who and the Space Trap* for delivery by Thursday 1 August; the intention was that the serial would be made towards the very end of the season's run around April/May 1969 –



Ill-fated Abugond shuffles out of the Dynotrope ... and off this mortal coil! © BOBI BARTLETT

WRITER Robert Holmes



Robert Colin Holmes joined the military after leaving school, and became the youngest commissioned officer in the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders. After leaving the army, he joined

the police force and emerged as the top of his class at Hendon Police College. His police career saw him gravitate towards court work, where he became interested in writing, and so became a court reporter and journalist. Based in the Midlands, his writing career flourished; he worked as an editor

on *John Bull Magazine* – and started to write for television in the late 1950s, with scripts for Granada's *Knight Errant*. His television work continued with contributions to such shows as *Emergency Ward 10* and *Ghost Squad*, while his first BBC script was *The Hallelujah Stakes* for *Doctor Finlay's Casebook* in early 1964.

STORYLINE *The Prison in Space*

Dick Sharples' storyline offered the alternate titles of *Doctor Who and the Masters of Zenos*, *Doctor Who and the Strange Suffragettes*, *Doctor Who and the Revolutionaries*, *Doctor Who and the Lady Killers*, *Doctor Who and the Female of the Species* and *More Deadly Than The Male*. In Episode One, the Doctor, Jamie and Zoe plan a picnic in some idyllic countryside, only to find a morose man called Albert being pursued by the mini-skirted Captain Mavis, who uses a paralysing gun on him. The trio discover that the countryside is actually a vast roof garden belonging to the President, and are captured with Albert and two other men – Mervyn and Garth. The Doctor and Jamie stand trial before the President, Chairman Babs, and all those sentenced are men who have committed crimes against women; women are the rulers, after getting the vote 500 years ago and banning war. Now there is a longevity drug, the

requirement of men for propagation has been removed. When the Doctor gets angry at Babs because of her attitude towards men, Babs finds him and Jamie guilty and has them blasted off into space in a small rocket-like capsule.

In Episode Two, Zoe is placed in the hands of two instructors at a corrective establishment; when she resists the regime's indoctrination against men, Babs decides that Zoe must undergo the conditioner. The Doctor and Jamie arrive on the prison satellite in orbit about the planet where they share a cell with Albert, Mervyn and Garth; the new arrivals are also given a mild taste of the paralysing guns wielded by the Dolly Guards. In order to form an escape plan, the Doctor determines that they need a map of the prison. Meanwhile, on the planet, Zoe is placed in a glass cabinet – the conditioner – and fumes are pumped in around her.

In Episode Three, the Doctor and his fellow prisoners fashion a Dolly Guard uniform and gun from their recreational materials; in this disguise, Jamie is able to leave the cell when the Doctor fuses the lights and mingle with the guards. Zoe has fallen totally under the spell of Babs' society, but her two instructors have heard Zoe's description of Earth's courting rituals and are now speaking out against Babs. On the satellite, Jamie obtains a map of the prison, using some smoke bombs made by Garth as a distraction. He returns to the cell, but outside he is captured in a beam of pain-inducing light ...

Episode Four begins with the Doctor using his secreted wire to open the cell door and rescue Jamie. The prisoners soon gain control of the Tannoy system through the underfloor wiring and order a revolt; Albert fuses the controls to open all the cells, and soon the men take over the

prison. The Doctor contacts Babs and delivers an ultimatum for the men to have their votes returned to them. Babs sends an ambassador to the satellite for negotiations; this is the conditioned Zoe who manages to pull a gun on the Doctor, forcing the men's surrender to the Dolly Guards. Babs sentences the Doctor, Jamie, Albert, Mervyn and Garth to be fired off to exile on a remote

planet – but the rocket lands back on the roof garden, where the other women have turned on Babs and want an integrated society. Babs is placed in the conditioner, and emerges as very amorous and attracted to the Doctor. The Doctor and Jamie grab Zoe and depart in the TARDIS; once underway, Zoe's conditioning is broken when Jamie smacks her bottom.



ILLUSTRATION: PAUL VASE

and as such, Dicks could work on the serial with Holmes as a pet project in a reasonably leisurely manner.

As it turned out, Holmes worked quickly on his scripts. The first two instalments of *The Space Trap* were delivered on Thursday 18 July. In the first script, Selris is described as "the leader of the Gonds, a man in his Fifties"; as the story opens, he is described as taking a crystal casket from behind the panel, placing it reverentially on a lectern. Vana, one of the chosen students, is "an extremely pretty girl among the group of young hopefuls", who reacts to being made a Companion "as though she has just won the Miss Universe contest". Selris' deputy, Avrik, had been renamed Eelek, described as "a thickset man", while Beta was "a young Gond scientist, clever faced but myopic and slightly built".

Holmes described the Gond settlement as "A city in a verdant valley. Its buildings are tall and slender, a tracery of spires and elegant walkways," while indicating that the machine inhabited by the Krotons was originally called the Dynotron and "can be visualised as a gigantic doughnut". The teaching machines in the Learning Hall were "rather like large electric washers with circular cathode screens in front and a panel of switches and dials over the top. Each machine has built-in seating for two with helmet-type head-sets on flexible arms above the seats". Inside the Kroton ship, events in the Hall were watched by "a thing like a large hand camera – with a lens on one face – [which] slides out of the computer bank on a telescopic arm"; as the image of the Doctor was composed, this was

'The Krotons were a very impractical design. They had to be led everywhere'

Robert Holmes • DWM WS 1994

described as "a rather crude composite like a poster painting of an identikit picture, as the old opening credits sequence".

Inside the vessel, the device which studied the Doctor was described in Episode One: "The black box swings and focuses its lens on a disc beside the computer panel. The disc glows and a lever beside it moves as though this is an automatic signal." In Episode Two, when the Doctor and Zoe discuss the fact that the machine has a root system, there was additional dialogue; Zoe recalls that on Earth there was a plant called a Venus fly-trap, which captures insects and sucks the life from them – something that the Doctor finds a horrid thought. Zoe speculates that the machine requires mental energy as a form of food. The Doctor and Zoe enter the Dynotron and "a transparent cylinder full of electronic apparatus rises through the floor just in front of them". Then, the "cylinder swings slowly

back into its floor housing". Later in Episode Four, "Kroton Two moves a wheel. The intergalactic [sic] link rises from a well in the floor. It is an octagonal box with head sets connected to its four faces."

Holmes' second pair of script for *The Space Trap* was delivered on Monday 12 August. In the script for Episode Three, Eelek had dialogue that was later given to Axus – and he refers to Selris as a "palsied old fool" on two occasions. In Episode Four, rather than using his handkerchief to bind Thara's leg, the Doctor gives Zoe



The Doctor (Patrick Troughton) examines Vana (Madeleine Mills). © BBC



Zoe (Wendy Padbury) pops into EasyEverything for a quick look at Outpost Gallifrey. Or something. © BBC

some rope from his pocket. Eelek was more outspoken in his handing over of the travellers, saying, "I wanted to be rid of them! Why fight them if we can get what we want without bloodshed?" As the Doctor tries to free Jamie from beneath the jammed door, he mutters, "That means the power is either failing or ... yes, that's it! The Krotons have cut their auxiliary power motors!"

Sharples had also been working on his scripts – and on Tuesday 27 August, Dicks accepted the first two episodes of *The Prison in Space*, requesting only minor rewrites. The same day, Dicks provisionally briefed Holmes that *Dr Who* and the *Space Trap* might be used in the slot of Serial YY towards the end of the current season; meanwhile, Sharples continued on *The Prison in Space*; Episode 3 was delivered on Thursday 5 September, which was the same day that Hines' departure from the series was announced in the *Daily Mail*. Sharples' final script was then delivered on Tuesday 10 September.

The director assigned to *The Prison in Space* was David Maloney, who had directed his first *Doctor Who* serial, *The Mind Robber*, a few months earlier. The main designer on the serial was Raymond London, who had designed *The War Machines* in 1966, and was to have designed the abandoned serial *The Imps*. As usual, make-up and costumes were to be handled by Sylvia James and

Bobi Bartlett respectively. The visual effects were contracted out to the Southall-based firm Trading Post, run by Bill King; King had created special props for the show for several years, and had just handled all the visual effects on *The Wheel in Space* and *The Invasion*. To save money, Maloney opted not to commission a specially composed score nor to use library music for the serial. Instead, he asked Brian Hodgson of the BBC Radiophonic Workshop to create 'tonal backgrounds' along with the sound effects.

Maloney joined the project at the start of September as the scripts were delivered, but he was unhappy with Sharples' work. This dissatisfaction was shared by other members of the team. Although Dicks attempted to help out with any necessary modifications, there was soon a feeling that *The Prison in Space* was a doomed project. A week passed after the delivery of the scripts before Sharples attended a planning meeting with Bryant, Dicks, Sherwin and Maloney. It was at this stage that Sharples was informed that some sweeping changes to his scripts would be needed; Hines had now decided to renew his contract, so Jamie was not leaving. Consequently, Nik would not be required. Sharples agreed to the rewrites, but informed Dicks that he would need to be paid an extra rewrite fee.

During September, Sharples rewrote *The Prison in Space* to exclude Nik. The first two scripts were delivered to the BBC, and Dicks requested some changes; Sharples reluctantly agreed to undertake this additional work for the production

team. The rewrites on the final two episodes were more extensive. Episode Three was delivered – and Sharples was working on Episode Four when he received a telephone call from Dicks, informing him that the production team required changes to Episode Three, and indeed the rewritten Episode Two. As September drew to a close, Sharples became intolerant of the continual rewrites and ceased work on the script, forcing its postponement.

With a stalemate situation developing over *The Prison in Space*, Dicks informed Maloney that if he wished to abandon the script – despite the fact that some initial

'We called it *The Croutons* because we were in the soup doing it! It was a really horrible story'

Frazer Hines • DWM 243

SCRIPTING *The Krotons*

The Kroton warning heard in the Learning Hall was "a harsh metallic voice", later identified as the voice of Kroton One. As the Krotons started to form from the slurry, "The pattern of dots has now solidified into a recognisable humanoid shape, lying supine inside the tank. The body moves as through awakening ... A silver hand and arm, covered in metal pyrites, comes out of the liquid. Kroton One is climbing shakily out of the tank. It is big, silver, and has a scabrous, crystalline surface ... It gropes for one of the tank pipes and clips it into a socket at its waist. Immediately the Kroton seems to become alert." The two Krotons are identified as Kroton One (the

Commander) and Kroton Two throughout the scripts; they have "flat, deep voices" and Jamie is gripped by the "iron arm of Kroton Two", which "pincers his shoulder". When venturing outside the Dynotrope, Kroton Two "unclips the feed-pipe. In its place he clips on a portable cylinder. There is just a suggestion of reluctance in this. He moves massively out of the control room, collecting a laser carbine from a rack as he passes"; the Kroton carries the carbine under one arm. When Jamie attempts to use a laser carbine on Kroton One, "There is a roar like a flamethrower in action. A gout of white hot energy envelops the Kroton." However, "An iron hand tears the weapon from

him. The Kroton crushes it & drops the fragments. Then the Kroton picks up Jamie in both hands & flings him with cruel force to the floor." Nowhere in the scripts was it mentioned that the Krotons' heads could spin – and in the closing scenes there is a reference to the Krotons wearing headsets.



casting had been done, and actor Barrie Gosney had been contracted – then there was an unseable four-part story in the cupboard in the form of *The Space Trap*. Maloney asked to see this; although the script was still not entirely to his liking, it was far more practical than *The Prison in Space*. If necessary, *The Space Trap* could be brought forward from Serial YY. Meanwhile, on Thursday 26 September, the show's star Patrick Troughton, signed a contract for another 22 episodes spanning Serials WW to ZZ.

The situation with Sharples grew steadily worse. After all the changes of direction requested by the BBC, Sharples outlined the issues surrounding *The Prison in Space* in a letter to his agents and the BBC on Thursday 3 October; to his mind, the storyline had been commissioned, delivered and accepted without problems and the BBC were now changing the goal posts. Since the stalemate could not be quickly resolved, on Monday 7 October the *Doctor Who* production team formally moved *The Space Trap* forward into the slot for Serial WW. Hines' new contract, for the subsequent serial, was issued on Wednesday 9 October.

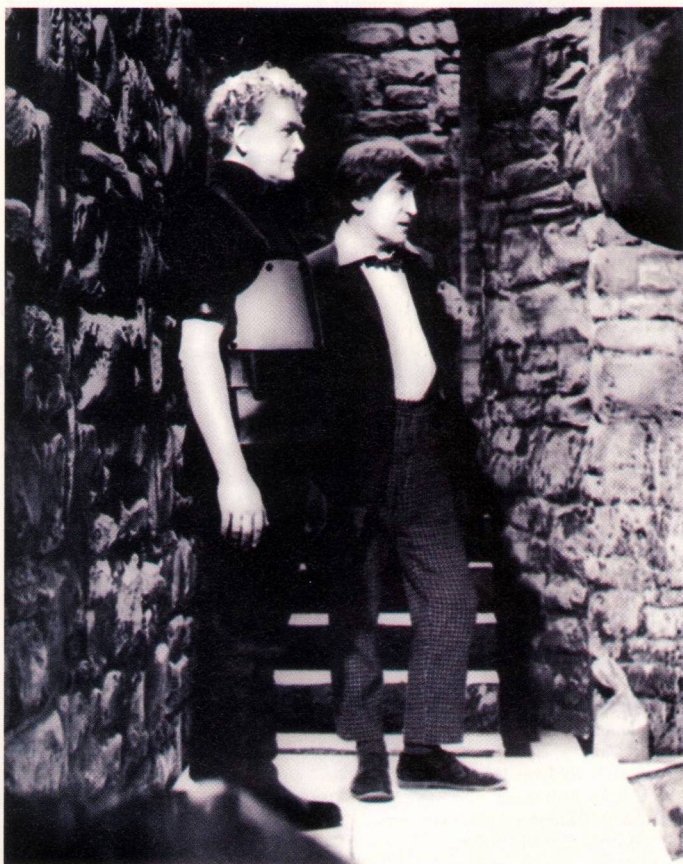
On Tuesday 15 October, Bryant formally abandoned *The Prison in Space*. Dick Sharples did not submit any further storylines to *Doctor Who*, but continued to work extensively with sitcoms such as *A Little Bit of Wisdom*, *In Loving Memory*, *Hallelujah!* and *Farrington of the FO*. Maloney and Dicks set to work on the scripts for *The Space Trap*, making modifications to prepare them for production; one of Maloney's additions was the Doctor's use of a self-raising umbrella, which had just come on the market, in Episode One. On Thursday 17 October, Wendy Padbury was contracted as Zoe on this serial and the next two. With his first commission now entering production, Holmes submitted another possible storyline – *The Aliens in the Blood* – commenting: "I don't think the title has enough 'zing' for *Doctor Who*". On Wednesday 30 October, Serial WW was formally renamed *Doctor Who* and the Krotons; and the situation with *The Prison in Space* was resolved with payments negotiated for the abandoned script.

Location filming for *The Krotons* took place over Sunday 10 and Monday 11 November at two quarries in Malvern owned by the PYX Granite Co Ltd; these were the West of England and Tank Quarries, used for sequences on the surface

of the Gonds' planet. Shooting on 16mm film over these two days involved the regular cast – and because of the new production schedules introduced by Bryant, *The Krotons* was the first serial not to have its filming scheduled around the recording of the previous serial. From now on there would be a complete week of filming allocated to each serial before studio rehearsals began.

The autumn weather plagued the crew with a light drizzle over the two days for the shooting of scenes on the Mica Mountain. The first day saw all of the scenes of the Kroton in the Waste Land for Episode Three being filmed, including the many point-of-view shots seen on the monitor inside the Dynotrope – as the Dynotron was to be renamed – and the scene of the TARDIS being attacked and dematerialising. The Kroton was operated by Miles Northover, who had been an uncredited extra in *The Invasion*. A photocall was also held, concentrating on the new monster for the series. Maloney's crew then continued shooting for the scenes of the Doctor's party arriving in the TARDIS during Episode One, and of the Doctor and Zoe in the Waste Land in Episodes Two and Three, with the crew travelling back to London on the Monday night.

Three days filming – from Tuesday 12 to Thursday 14 – were then spent on a sound stage at the BBC's Television Film Studios at Ealing. On the first day – the same day that promotional material for *The Krotons* was issued – numerous scenes in the Learning Hall were filmed for Episodes One and Two; these saw the use of the strange hose that emerged from the Dynotrope to attack the Doctor, and included the demise of a luckless Gond – played by extra Keith Ashton – in Episode Two. The regular cast returned on Wednesday 13 to join Terence Brown – playing Abugond – and filmed sequences at the machine exit for the dispersion of Abu in Episode One, and the escape of the Doctor and Zoe in Episode Two; dry ice was used for the dispersion jets, and the nozzles emerged through cake tins set into either side of the exit hatch. Another sequence filmed was of the Doctor and Zoe being processed inside the Machine Control Room in Episode Two, with Maloney employing a fish-eye lens to distort the image. The final day at Ealing was then largely devoted to miniature and insert shots, such as the Gond city seen by the travellers in Episode One, the Catherine Wheel flashing lights seen by Vana and Jamie in Episode Two, the Kroton shapes seen through the bubbling tanks in Episode Two, the Kroton carbine firing in Episodes Three and Four, the roof cracking in the foundations in Episodes Three and Four, and shots of the Dynotrope and a Kroton dissolving in Episode Four. For these final shots, polystyrene models were sprayed with acetone to make them appear to melt. In addition, the BBC Graphics Department provided four pieces of special animation; the first of these was an animated 'X' that appeared on the Dynotrope control screen, along with three equations to be shown on the Teaching Machine as Zoe and the Doctor took the test. All film sequences were then edited between 16 and 18 November.



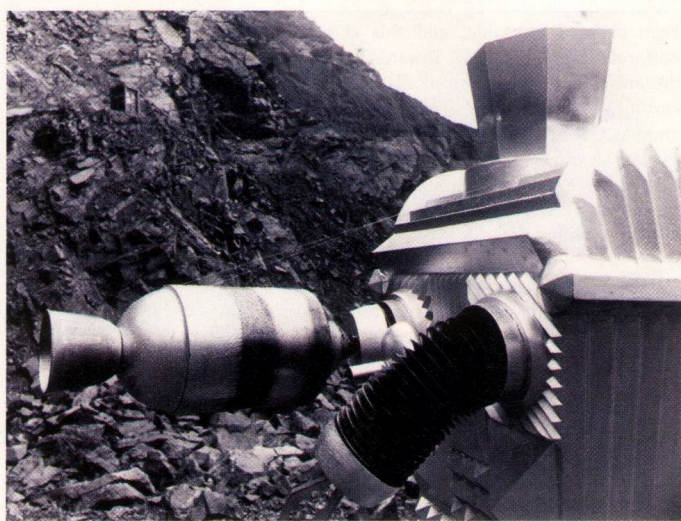
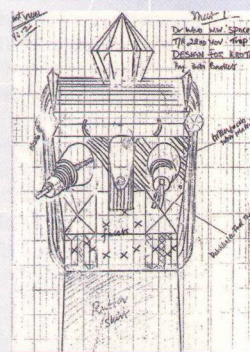
James Copeland and Patrick Troughton survey the Learning Hall set. © BOBI BARTLETT

DESIGN *The Krotons*

The Krotons were designed by costume supervisor Bobi Bartlett who based their shape on the notion of a giant crystalline structure; this evolved looking more like a robot than the 'crystal men' envisaged by Holmes. Bartlett was delighted with her concepts, notably the fact that the rotating heads (which were not suggested in Holmes' scripts) had no faces. The two Kroton costumes were rapidly made by Jack Lovell Ltd, a freelance specialist prop

building firm; they were constructed in fibreglass with perspex headpieces. There were hidden breathing slats at the front of the costume, and extra ventilation holes in the head. Unfortunately, the two Krotons were made to the wrong scale – and they ended up larger than Bartlett had envisaged; the crystalline body did not go down to the floor, and an unconvincing rubber skirt was added to hide the legs of the operator. Director David Maloney disliked the design, since it was over-ambitious and impractical.

The results were very static, so Maloney made various alterations to the camera scripts to take the monsters' lack of mobility into account.



Armed and dangerous: a Kroton goes TARDIS-hunting ... © BBC

Rehearsals for recording began at St Helens Church Hall in West London on Monday 18. The guest actors for the serial included James Cairncross as Beta, James Copeland as Selris, Philip Madoc as Elek, Gilbert Wynne as Thara, and actor/writer Richard Ireson as Axus, who had played various small roles in *The Mind Robber* some months earlier. The Kroton voice for Episode One was pre-recorded by Roy Skelton on Wednesday 20 November. Skelton, a regular monster voice artiste on *Doctor Who* since *The Ark* in 1966, based the strident tones on those of a South African Boer War Sergeant.

The first episode of *The Krotons* was film recorded directly onto 35mm film, rather than being taped on 625 line videotape as with the remaining episodes; all four instalments were made between 8.30pm and 10.00pm in the evening at Studio D Lime Grove over four Fridays from 22 November. Most of the opening captions for the serial listing title, author and episode number were shown over the opening title sequence film, although the 'Episode One' caption on the first episode appeared over a shot of the hatch in the machine wall opening. Maloney scheduled a recording run-on to switch the Doctor's umbrella for a tattered replica after the activation of the dispersal jets, and there was then another break for the cast members to move from the exit hatch to Selris' House. In the Machine Control Room, a monitor screen showed animated film of the 'X' forming as well as the output of camera on the Learning Hall set and a caption graphic of the Doctor. Although the hose that attacked the Doctor was on film, the rest of the sequence showing those in the Learning Hall was done in studio, with various shots from the hose's point of view as it closed in on the Doctor. The closing credits for the serial rolled against a black background.

As rehearsals got underway for Episode Two, Northover rejoined the cast as Kroton Two, while Kroton One was operated by Robert Grant, who requested to be credited on the show as "Robert La'Bassiere". Episode Two was taped on Friday 29 November, with a photocall held earlier that day to get shots of the Doctor with Vana and of Zoe in the Learning Hall. The instalment began with a newly enacted reprise (although using the same film of the hose) and there were various recording run-ons for the cast to move between sets. In comparison to the previous recording, where dummy props had been used for the learning

machines, one dummy was now fitted with a monitor to show the specially animated equations set for the Doctor and Zoe. For the scenes of Vana reliving her experiences in the machine, film of a spinning light was superimposed on the camera output; a similar technique was again used for Jamie's capture in the closing scene. Troughton ad-libbed the Doctor's "great jumping gobstoppers" exclamation as the bell sounded in the Learning Hall. Maloney avoided showing the Krotons in full until the end of the episode. The exit hatch set was not required in the episode, so two caption slide photos of it with the hatch both open and closed had been taken and were shown on the monitor in the Machine Control Room. A new exit passage set was dressed with various elements, including items from *The Dominators* and a cannibalised Cybermen spaceship from *The Invasion*.

Episode One was then edited on Sunday 1 December, after which rehearsals for Episode Three began. The instalment was recorded on Friday 6 December, the day before Padbury's twenty-first birthday. Some of the location film shot from the Kroton's point-of-view was used more than once, and a photocaption of the TARDIS in the wasteland was used on the Dynotrope scanner. By now, the shot of the TARDIS dematerialising when attacked had been deemed unusable, and this shot was performed again in studio. Towards the end of the episode, a single line of dialogue in the closing scenes was transferred to Beta from another Gond character, presumably to avoid casting an extra speaking part, so it appeared that Beta was actually in two places at once – in the Underhall with Selris, and still back at his laboratory with Vana.

Episode Two was edited for transmission on Sunday 8; Maloney's team began rehearsals for the final episode the next day. Episode Four was recorded on Friday 13 December; for this instalment, Maloney superimposed smoke on scenes in the Underhall to represent dust and debris created by the collapse of the roof. After the closing credits came a final caption slide: 'Next Week: Seeds of Death'. With recording completed, Padbury decided to keep her primrose-yellow-and-black PVC costume.

Episode Three was edited on Sunday 15 December, and broadcast of the serial began – without either a trailer or an article in *Radio Times* – on Saturday 28 December; however, a picture of Troughton in the TARDIS from *The Power of the Daleks* was used to illustrate the programme billing for Episode Two. It was mid-way through the serial's run – on 7 January 1969 – that Troughton's departure was announced.

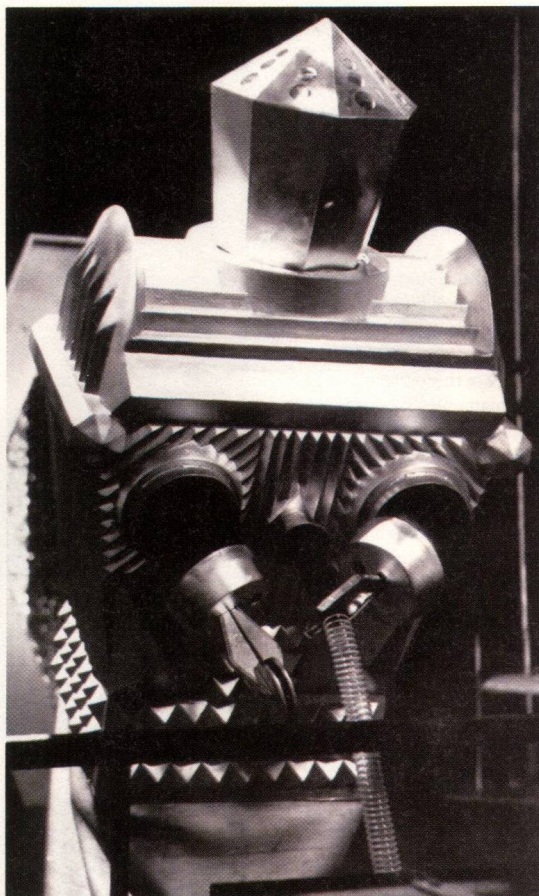
The Krotons came to the end of its original run on Saturday 18 January, and at 5.39pm was followed by a 43-second trailer for *The Seeds of Death*, narrated by Richard Bebb. Troughton's imminent departure prompted pleas for him to stay from younger viewers on *Junior Points of View* on Wednesday 22 January, with one

viewer saying that they liked the Krotons, though another felt that they looked silly. As it turned out, Episode One of *The Krotons* garnered an exceptionally high audience rating – the highest of Troughton's entire era as the Doctor – and the best appreciation score for the season so far, though the audience fell in subsequent weeks to its usual level. An Audience Research Report for Episode One of *The Krotons* assessed the comments of 186 viewers, and confirmed that BBC1 had acquired a larger audience share than ITV.

BBC Enterprises offered the serials for sale abroad on 16mm film as late as 1974. Australia purchased the serial in March 1970 and broadcast it uncut with a 'G' rating; the serial was also repeated in January 1972. Singapore and Hong Kong took *The Krotons* around 1971; Gibraltar purchased the serial in 1972; and it was sold to Nigeria around 1974. In 1977, the BBC Film and Videotape Library held the 35mm film recording of Episode One, as well as 16mm film recordings of Episodes Two and Three; the British Film Institute held copies of all four episodes on 16mm film, and so the final instalment was returned to the BBC.

In 1981, *The Krotons* was the only full four-part Patrick Troughton story held by the Corporation, so it was selected to be repeated as part of BBC2's *The Five Faces of Doctor Who*. The serial ran from Monday to Thursday during one week opposite the *News* on BBC1 – and was heralded with a publicity shot of Troughton from *The Underwater Menace* in the *Radio Times*. The episodes were transmitted from their film prints, and captured on videotape during broadcast. During the 1980s *The Krotons* was syndicated in North America episodically and as a TV Movie of 86 minutes duration. New Zealand first screened the serial in April/May 1985 and it has since been repeated in June 1991 and August 2000. Australia screened the story again in February 1986. UK Gold have screened the serial episodically and as a compilation since January 1993.

Terrance Dicks novelised Holmes' scripts as *Doctor Who – The Krotons*, which was issued in hardback by W H Allen in June 1985 with a cover painting by Andrew Skilleter; the paperback edition followed in November 1985 as Book No 99 in the Target library. In September 1989, *The Krotons* was paired with Ian Marter's novelisation of *The Dominators* in a combined release from Star Books. The book was reissued in July 1991 with a cover by Alistair Pearson to tie in with the BBC Video of the serial, which had been released in February; this was taken from the videotapes of the 1981 broadcasts, with one small section of Episode Three slowed down to remove a jump in the film. Hodgson's *Kroton Theme* was included on the BBC CD *Doctor Who: 30 Years at the Radiophonic Workshop* in July 1993, while music and effects from the serial appeared on the BBC CD *Doctor Who at the BBC Radiophonic Workshop: Volume 1 – The Early Years* released in May 2000. Jondar manufactured a phone card with images from the serial in 1995, and Harlequin Miniatures issued unarmed and armed Krotons in 1998 and 1999 respectively.



The last straw: a parched Kroton sups up on slurry. © BBC

SERIAL WW *The Krotons*

CAST Patrick Troughton Dr Who, Frazer Hines Jamie, Wendy Padbury Zoe with James Cairncross Beta [1,3-4], James Copeland Selris, Philip Madoc Eelek [1,3-4], Gilbert Wynne Thara, Terence Brown Abu [1], Madeleine Mills Vana, Richard Ireson Axus [1,3-4], Bronson Shaw Student [1], Maurice Selwyn Custodian [1], Roy Skelton Kroton Voice [1-4], Robert La'Bassiere, Miles Northover Krotons [2-4], Patrick Tull Kroton Voice [2-4].

ORIGINAL TRANSMISSION

Episode	Transmitted	Time	Duration	Rating (chart pos)	App index
Episode One	28 December 1968	5.15pm-5.40pm	23'00"	9.0M (55th)	59
Episode Two	4 January 1969	5.15pm-5.40pm	23'03"	8.4M (54th)	57
Episode Three	11 January 1969	5.15pm-5.40pm	21'47"	7.5M (61st)	56
Episode Four	18 January 1969	5.15pm-5.40pm	22'39"	7.1M (68th)	55

REPEAT TRANSMISSION

Episode One	9 November 1981	5.40pm-6.05pm	23'00"	4.4M (12th*)	–
Episode Two	10 November 1981	5.40pm-6.00pm	23'03"	4.6M (9th*)	–
Episode Three	11 November 1981	5.40pm-6.00pm	21'47"	4.6M (9th*)	–
Episode Four	12 November 1981	5.40pm-6.05pm	22'39"	4.4M (11th*)	–

*BBC2 chart positions

EXTRAS Robin Scott, Peter Rann, David Melbourne, Nick Rutter, Robert Hayward, Mark Johnson, Reg Nardi, Keith Ashton, Ronnie Chance, Roger Charles, Alex Hood, Justine Elliott, Patricia Matthews, Wendy Wilson, Sylvia Steele Gonds.

CREDITS Written by Robert Holmes. Title Music by Ron Grainer and the BBC Radiophonic Workshop. Special Sound by Brian Hodgson, BBC Radiophonic Workshop*. Special Effects Designed by Bill King (Trading Post)*. Costumes Bobi Bartlett [1,4]. Make-Up Sylvia James*. Lighting Howard T King*. Sound John Holmes*. Film Cameraman Alan Jonas*. Film Editor Martyn Day*. Script Editor Terrance Dicks. Designer Raymond London. Producer Peter Bryant. Directed by David Maloney.

* Credited on Episode Four only.



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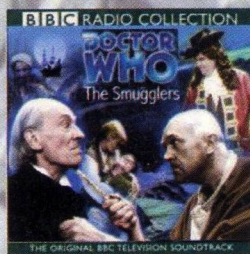
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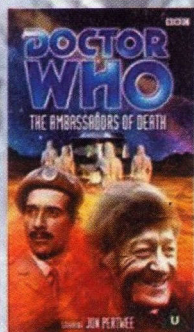
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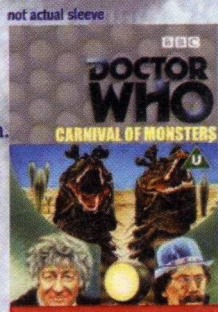
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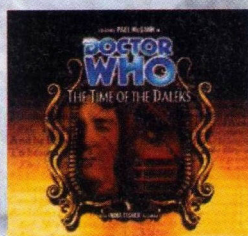


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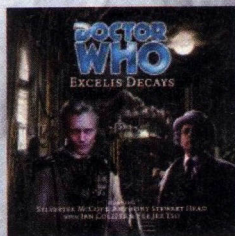
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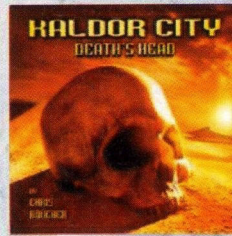
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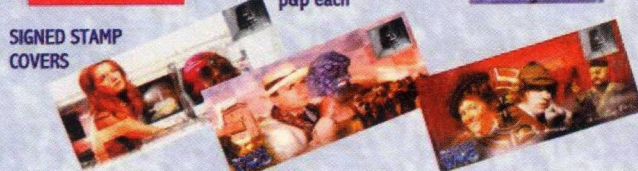
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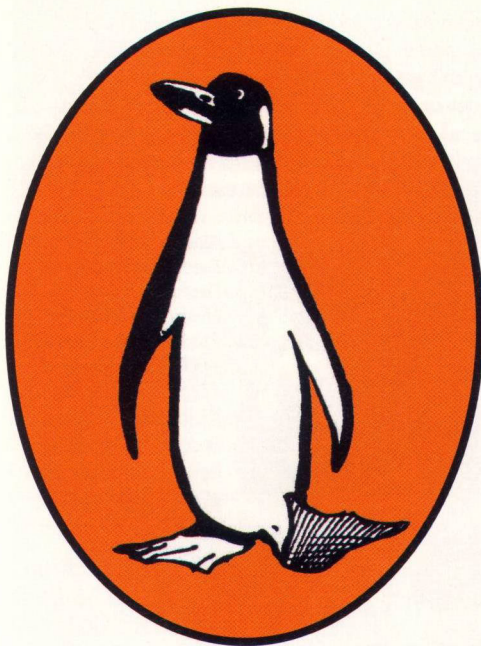
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ALL HAIL THE BIG TALKING BIRD! **FROBISHER** IS BACK – AND HE WON'T SHUT UP! BENJAMIN COOK QUESTIONS THE MOTIVES OF OUR FAVOURITE WHIFFERDILL – AND HIS HUMAN ALTER EGO, **ROBERT JEZEK** ...

penguin for the umpteenth time that morning, however, is just irritating. Still, it happened, and that is why Robert is now perched on the edge of the sofa, while the Whifferdill sprawls in an armchair; one wing draped over the back, a flipper on the coffee table. He is devouring chocolate pilchards. "Now," whispers Robert, wiping crumbs off his shoulder, "might be the best time to ask me some questions ..."

How, I wonder, did Robert enter the acting profession? "I left home when I was 19," he says, "so I put myself through school – and, though I'd always been interested in acting, I thought, 'How do I do it? Am I supposed to be gay? Or wear leggings? Or what!?' That was a very Northern American attitude to theatre, but when I started performing I loved it. It was like coming home, which is the only way that I can describe it. I was critical of myself at first, feeling that I was a Jack-of-all-trades, but then I realised that, when you're an actor, that isn't such a bad thing."

"Actually, William Shatner graduated from McGill University in Montreal, with a business degree, before he went into acting," laughs Robert. "and I graduated from Concordia University in Montreal, with a business degree, before I went on to do my Bachelor of Fine Arts in Theatre Performance!" Two peas in a pod? "Not exactly, but ..." What did Robert make of his fellow students? "Well, many of them, I think, were looking for a gimmick. 'Should I, like, shave my head in order to 'make it' in LA?'

Montreal were closing down, because the Parti Quebecois – the Separatist government that had come to power – wasn't interested, of course, in funding English theatre; they wanted to fund French theatre, so I had to go travelling. I went to Vancouver for a year-and-a-half – and then I thought, 'Now is the time to go travelling in Europe.' And that was 18 years ago! I based myself in the UK because my mother is from Muswell Hill, though my father is Polish."

So how did Robert become involved with Big Finish? "[Producer] Jason Haigh-Ellery spotted me playing Bobby Gould in *Speed-the-Plow* up in Edinburgh for the Fringe Festival and he approached me afterwards. I auditioned in London, reading various bits of script. I did my Danny DeVito impression, amongst other things, which was just the voice that they thought would suit Frobisher. As Frobisher is only a little penguin, I thought his voice probably wouldn't be very deep, as he has a smaller windpipe than a larger person. I tried to be logical. Frobisher reminds me of Woody Allen. There's something about this little guy, who's always trying his best but doesn't quite make it. I wanted to capture that in my performance. And Frobisher gave me a lot of help. I wanted to get my impersonation spot on, you see, so he gave me advice, like –"

"I mostly tell him not to touch the merchandise," drawls Frobisher, wiping chocolate from his beak. "I don't know what it means, but a

Interviewing a Whifferdill is easier said than done.

That's why, one Thursday afternoon, I am sitting in a green room – terrible places, full of lost luggage and lost actors – talking to a piece of toast.

"Before I did *The Holy Terror*," explains the toast, "people just knew me as 'that bird from the comic strip' – but after *The Holy Terror*, they knew my name. And I haven't looked back! Have I, Robby?"

Robert Jezek looks harassed. This has much to do with the slice of toast sitting on his shoulder. "I have a feeling," he cringes, "that Frobisher doesn't think that I'm assertive

A Penguin Classic



psychotic Ugraak once gave me that warning, so I've passed it on whenever I want to sound important."

"I also drew inspiration from the scripts," Robert resumes. "*The Holy Terror* – and *The Maltese Penguin*, which we're recording today – gave me good ideas of how to impersonate Frobisher. Rob Shearman has written us some wonderful stuff. The man is a genius."

enough. He tends to eclipse me somewhat. No offence, Frobisher."

"None taken." What exactly, I ask, is a Whifferdill? "What are we talking about here? Is this some sort of philosophical question? If it's philosophical, you might be asking the wrong fella ..."

"I think what he means," sighs Robert, "is that some people haven't encountered a Whifferdill before."

"Or never knowingly encountered one before," points out the toast, "because, believe me, we get everywhere. We're mesomorphs. We can change into any shape that we feel like – fat, thin, small, tall. You name the dimensions, buddy, and I've stretched 'em to their fullest!"

Watching a slice of toast transform into a penguin is breathtaking. Awe-inspiringly impressive! Watching said toast transform into a



Battlefield: Robert larking about with Sophie Aldred and the "fabulous" Angela Bruce. Sauce! PHOTOS © RICHARD BIGNELL

You know? I mean, c'mon! The idea that LA is where you 'make it' is, to me, insulting. You have to have the skin of a rhino and an ego the size of a bus to 'make it' in LA. And I didn't want to develop my ego in that way."

When, then, did Robert come to Europe? "When I graduated from Concordia University," he reports, "many English-speaking theatres in

"He might well be a genius," Frobisher sneers, "at, like, pottery! Or ballet dancing! Who knows, maybe he's good on the flute? But as a writer? Pssch! Have you heard that *Holy Terror* thing? Have you? He totally misrepresented me. He made me into some comic stooge. I was the hero of the hour, I'll have you know – but Shearman, oh no, he knows better. He says it's



more dramatically viable if he gives the Doc something to do. And why wasn't Peri in it?"

Robert dares to disagree: "Actually, *The Holy Terror* was very well written. And you ended up worshipped, which worked well, you know, because you so don't expect it. And I liked the kooky idea of people wanting to be tortured! The characters in *The Holy Terror* were in a trap of their own making, I think, which mirrors human life. We do make our own traps. We have our own ideas. No wonder Frobisher and the Doctor didn't know what was going on."

"We knew exactly what was going on!" Frobisher looks angry – for a penguin. "I'm taking you to court," I said to Big Finish, 'unless you release a story that treats me fairly, which puts me right at the centre of the action. Or set me up a thrilling adventure with Nicola Bryant!' Big Finish weren't up to that, so they promised to relate 'The Case of the Maltese Penguin' – one of my most celebrated investigations, I'm sure you'll agree – instead. And then it turns out that they got Shearman back in! What kind of joke is that? They bring back this strange, flute-playing, ballet-dancing, pottery pen pusher! And let him wreak havoc with my reputation again! I don't

'People think I'm cute. But they don't know how sharp my beak is!'

want to use the word 'exploit', but ..."

Does *Doctor Who* work well on audio? "I think so," opines Robert, "even without the Doctor. The imagination has no budgetary restrictions. The special effects are better, the sets are ..."

"Say what?" Frobisher looks appalled. "Are you reading some Big Finish press statement? Who wrote that drivel? Nah – *Doctor Who* is terrible on audio! Is this a TV show for blind people or what? Give me a break!"

Frobisher – real name Avan Tarklu – first appeared in *The Official Doctor Who Magazine* during May 1984, in a comic strip called *The Shape Shifter*. Is 'Marty Mouse' still wanted for bank robbery? "Yeah – and breach of copyright. We never caught him." And what of artist John Ridgway? "We never caught him either." Didn't he give Frobisher his big break? "I like to think that the benefit was mutual. John brought me fame and fortune in *DWM* – and my inspiration won him the Turner prize, and regular exhibits at the Tate Gallery." Any other inspirations? "Van Gogh did a good likeness, though I never cared to pose for him. Half the time he didn't seem to listen to a word that I said. Picasso was a nice fella, too, but he painted me with too many breasts. I'd have to morph myself a new set just to make him look good."

"Why exactly," enquires Robert, turning to face Frobisher, "do you disguise yourself as a penguin? Are you in hiding from somebody or something? Is it a disguise that you've been forced to adopt or ...?"

"Nah. It's about a dame," Frobisher insists. "It's always about a dame." What are the advantages of being a penguin? "You don't moult," he confides, "in the spring or the fall. And people don't look at a four-foot penguin and think, 'I feel threatened!' No, they go, 'Isn't that cute?' They don't know how sharp my beak is! They'll

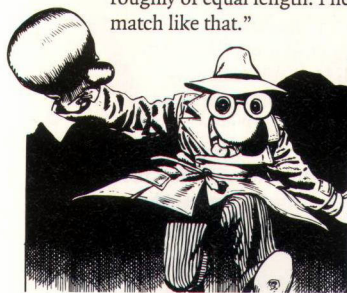


The Maltese Penguin: Robert Jezek and Colin Baker are upstage ... er, joined in studio by Frobisher.

soon learn if they try to pat me on the head." Has Frobisher had trouble with the American accent? "I didn't know you were doing one. Don't worry, I can understand every word you say."

Robert frowns. What – if anything – does he most admire about Frobisher? "His enthusiasm, I guess. And his cowardliness. Faced with someone with a large gun, Frobisher would just run away!"

"Okay, like, talk about me as if I'm not here!" What, then, does Frobisher most admire about Robert? "I like his arms, actually. I like the way that they hang like that from the shoulders, roughly of equal length. I never quite get arms to match like that."



"I also happen to think," smiles Robert, "that Frobisher has a sincere affection for the Doctor. He has a sense of loyalty." What makes a good Doctor Who companion? "A good heart, I think, and vulnerability. Frobisher is earnest, but he isn't going to run down corridors as fast as the Doctor. Waddle, waddle, waddle, waddle ..."

"This," cuts in Frobisher, "is where the confusion lies. I'm seen as one of these so-called 'companions', right? Not so. The Doc was my companion. He used to accompany me." Some mistake, surely? "I have credentials, buddy! I have Detecting Diplomas. What does old Whoey have, eh? Nothing. Nada. Zip. Believe me, he was my assistant. He was Watson to my Holmes; Lewis to my Morse; Snowy to my Tintin." What exactly did Frobisher make of the Sixth Doctor? "In a very un-vindictive way," he embarks, "I really think he shouldn't have worn that coat. I make jokes about it, I know, but I agreed with Peri absolutely on this. The Doc lives in some fantasy world where he doesn't see that his coat clashes with his pants!"

Robert beams. "You should have morphed into a more tasteful coat!" What would Robert morph himself into, given the chance? "Good question. I wish I could morph myself into somebody who could help solve some of the conflicts in this world. Someone who can communicate well enough with people to convince them of the errors of their ways."

In the War-Game strip, Frobisher morphed himself into a hunk in a loincloth; in *The Maltese Penguin*, he morphs himself into Colin Baker. Which, I wonder, felt better? "I'm pretty sure that the loincloth had been washed," he recalls, "but try as I might, I find it impossible to change into a hygienically sterilised Colin Baker." What



The amazing adventures of Frobisher: scenes from the Whifferdill's comic career, including his 'gaudy' barbarian guise.

stopped Frobisher from morphing himself into one of Peri's tight-fitting bikini tops? "Nothing! Who do you think had the most screen time in *The Two Doctors*? If you look very closely during the run-around in Seville in Part Three, you'll see me give a big wave and flippers up to the camera!" He grins, smugly. "And before anyone leaps to conclusions, it was perfectly innocent, okay? I needed a certain number of TV credits before they could give me my Equity card. I also masqueraded as a dinosaur in *The Mark of the Rani*. And as Jeananne Crowley's philtrum in *Timelash*."

"Philtrum? What's a philtrum, Frobisher?" "You know – philtrum. The groove between the nose and the upper lip. That was a tough job, I can tell you. Even tougher than the time I spent as the Cyber Controller's beer gut in *Attack of the Cybermen*. After that, I deserved my invitation to join the Actors' Union!" Some time later, Frobisher worked with the Telosian terrors for a second time ... "I can't picture what you're telling me. I'm sorry – I've completely forgotten." Frobisher encountered the Cybermen in the 1986 comic strip *Genesis*! "Oh, really? I didn't have much to do, did I? Wasn't I locked in a cage? To be honest I don't read the comic strips. I mean, does anybody?"

An awkward silence. Presently, Frobisher admits that he might have seen one or two. "But I don't enjoy languishing behind bars," he declares. "When I'm behind bars, buddy, I want to be dishing out the drinks!"

Robert recently spent a year-and-a-half working with the Royal Shakespeare Company. Is theatre his preferred performance medium? "Yes, I think so. One of the plays that I did with the RSC was *The Prisoner's Dilemma* by David Edgar. When you do a play like that, which is so timely, it makes you feel that theatre is important. And I don't mean that in a pretentious or pompous way. Theatre breaks down doors more so than any other medium."

'People are always making this mistake – the Doctor was my companion!'

Surely, though, Robert never played anything as ridiculous as a penguin for the RSC? "You must play parts truthfully however absurd the character. If an actor thinks that something is funny, the chances are that it isn't – and vice versa. If the actor on stage is crying then the audience doesn't – but if he is fighting with his tears, his emotional struggle will move them. In playing different characters – 'getting into them', if you

like – you learn about yourself and what makes people tick. I concentrate on the character – even if he is a penguin – and if something is sad or funny, it'll come out of that. I've known actors who can deliver the straightest of speeches hilariously, because they struggle with the script, or they pause where they shouldn't. It can be very funny."

Robert and Frobisher have both had the good fortune to work alongside the Seventh Doctor. First off, I ask Frobisher ... was Olla the 'heat vampire' as annoying as she seemed? "She was a pain! I mean, 'heat vampire! What was all that

about? I remember the days when *Doctor Who* companions weren't just comic strip gimmicks but, like, ordinary penguins, you know, who we could all relate to. Or they were really tight tops ...” What does Frobisher look for in a female? “I like American girls! I always go for looks, Peri, charm, Peri, wit, Peri ...”

“And plenty of gullibility!” Robert has fonder memories of the days and knights that he spent with the Seventh Doctor – on the telly, no less! – in 1989’s *Battlefield*. “I played Sergeant Zbrigniev,” he recalls, “who was a Polish UNIT soldier. And Sylvester McCoy was lovely! And so was Angela Bruce, who played – what? – Brigadier Bambera. She was just fabulous. The cast and crew had worked together for a long time, so it was nice, as a foreigner, to join the show and find that everyone was happy to say hello. Some people in this business are far less friendly.”

Frobisher sneers. “Yeah, like who? C’mon, smartass! I want names.”

“I felt more comfortable,” Robert confesses, “knowing that there were friends around me – and I think that made for a better end product. And my sister, who was around six-and-a-half months pregnant at the time, came to visit me in England on the final day shooting on location at Rutland Water. They had a little party in the village for the cast and crew. Everyone was so friendly that my sister – who also works in this business, as a sound editor – could hardly believe it; in North America, she’d never seen such a situation. Any good series can experience that type of camaraderie – the family feeling of coming together through the enjoyment of the work – but if you don’t have that, it doesn’t matter where you’re shooting, there will be tempers, conflict, and emotions running high.”

How did Robert actually land the part of Sergeant Zbrigniev? “Ha-ha! Well, if the truth be told, when I went in to meet [director] Michael Kerrigan at my audition, I pretended that I spoke in a Polish accent! He had no idea that I don’t really speak like that! My father was Polish, as I say, so I’d grown up around relatives who spoke with thick Polish accents. Michael had no idea! I used the same trick on Michael Attenborough at the RSC to win the part in *The Prisoner’s Dilemma*, which he directed. After 20 minutes talking with him, he said to me, ‘Can you do an English accent?’ – like, in a very slow and pronounced way. ‘Oh, no,’ I thought, ‘this is when I get hoist by my own witty petard!’ I had to admit that I don’t really speak like that.”

How does working on audio compare to working in the theatre? “Well that’s a very good question ...”

“No, it isn’t! How many times do you think he’s asked that one before?”

“People who do a lot of voice work,” asserts Robert, ignoring Frobisher, “can use their voice like a gymnast would use his body. I wouldn’t quite put myself into that category of skill, as I approach voice work as an actor – in the sense of it being character-based – but I have come to appreciate my voice more than I have in the past. I try to tap into a slightly new voice for each Big Finish play. My first Big Finish role was, in fact, an

American captain in *Red Dawn*. And then I did *Minuet in Hell*, with Paul McGann, who is such a talented actor. His Doctor works well on audio, I think, because he communicates so much emotion through the voice. I’m a bit of a ‘hyper’ person, I think, so it’s important that I develop my awareness of my own voice. I mean, a footballer needs to have great legs, timing, stamina, balance, control ... An actor also requires many of these things.”

“Legs, schmegs! Are you gonna ask to us something sensible any time soon?” Frobisher folds his wings. “C’mon! Something deep!”



Soldier, soldier: Robert Jezek as *Battlefield*’s Sergeant Zbrigniev, with Angela Bruce as his CO Brigadier Bambera. © R BIGNELL

“Frobisher! Don’t be offensive.”

“Face facts, Robert. This guy’s rubbish!”

I ask him what it’s like in space. “Deep space? Hmm. It’s kinda like a Big Finish party; there’s no atmosphere.”

“That,” says Robert, glaring at Frobisher, “was terrible.”

“C’mon, buddy! Lighten up. That was one of my best jokes. Next question?” Erm – what’s your favourite colour? “That’s more like it! It’s black. Yeah – black! Sometimes I stare into the sky at night, into the inky void, gazing into the heart of infinity – and I ponder, kid. I ponder whether I can ever reach even the smallest fraction of the worlds hidden out there – in the still, cool, overwhelming blackness.” Quite.

“And black is so slimming, don’t you find? Next!”

You must have had some hilarious experiences making Big Finish audios. Tell us about them. “Oh, well,” replies Robert, “we frequently stop recording because we get the giggles –”

Frobisher interrupts: “Do you never stop talking, Jezek? I mean, some sad people – Gary Russell and his like – have said that recording a two-hour story in a single weekend doesn’t leave time for pranks and japes. I say they’re not trying hard enough. There was this one time, right, that I had to morph myself a black-and-white

‘There was a real family feeling on *Battlefield*. They were all so kind’

pair of pants,” Frobisher chuckles, “and when I turned around, everyone else had morphed themselves pants as well! Then there was this other time, in rehearsal, that I gave Colin Baker a big glass of water – and a German nudist thought that Colin was drowning and tried to rescue him. How we laughed.”

“We didn’t laugh! He could have died.”

“I nearly died laughing!” Frobisher enjoys talking; most of all he enjoys talking about himself. “You like hilarious anecdotes? Well you’re gonna love my autobiography,” he reveals, “which is still in its early stages. I’ve got a long way to go.” Has he thought of a title yet? “Er, no. I was going to call it *Learning to Fly*, but some bird beat me to it.”

How, I ask, does Frobisher cope with fame? “I keep my flippers on the ground by reminding myself of my roots,” he reckons, “which means morphing myself both feet and roots at the same time. I’ve seen a lot of Whifferdills corrupted by fame. They live for it, like it’s a drug. And then they never want to morph into anything ordinary again. Most of your so-called Earth entertainers are Whifferdills! Frank Sinatra. Grace Kelly. Mark





Jezek and Baker flip(per) out at the Holy Terror recording! © BFP

Gatiss. Milli Vanilli. I'll have you know that Milli Vanilli used to morph into the best shoeboxes I've ever seen. The cardboard corners were just to die for – but then the lure of the music industry went to their heads." What does Frobisher make of Doctor Who fans? "Nutters!" Er ...

"I've always been a science fiction fan, actually," admits Robert, "though I preferred Star Trek to Doctor Who! Having said that, Doctor Who fans that I've met at signings have always been very nice people. And can I apologise publicly? Several people have sent me photographs to sign, you see, but I have to confess that I haven't

to be as good as I can be, but some actors just don't care anymore. They deserve to be smacked around the head!" Has Doctor Who run its course? "Inevitably, if you tell someone that you're working on Doctor Who, they'll say, 'Are you playing a Dalek, then?' No, guys – c'mon! There's so much more to Doctor Who than that. I don't understand why the show is considered dated. Science fiction is timeless. And, erm, isn't it about time we had a Canadian Doctor?" Well, perhaps the Canadians could make Doctor Who for us? "I don't think so. Doctor Who is essentially British, isn't it?"

Frobisher snorts, loudly. "I think you Brits are great. All that history, all that culture. Give yourselves another hundred years and you guys might even evolve a sense of humour!"

"I find it interesting to watch a soccer game," continues Robert, apologetically, "with people who aren't necessarily into the sport. If they're English, they'll say, 'I'm for the underdog!' – but the Americans will say, 'That team is going to win because they're the best, so I'm going to support them!' Interesting, isn't it? If we stereotype Americans, we might criticise their loudness, say, or their aggressiveness or whatever, though we mustn't forget that they have huge hearts. I think we all find the guru, sort of, 'self-help' book mentality in America amusing – but, as much as we mock, some ideas within that have substance."

Does Frobisher read self-help books? "I don't need self help! I'm perfect." I remind Frobisher that he once lost a game of chess to the TARDIS

'Frobisher means well, but he gets things wrong. He's only 'human' after all ...'



Taking flight and taking fright: Frobisher runs the gauntlet in DWM comic strip The Gift. Artwork by John Ridgway.

done them yet. I'm so disorganised! I will send them back soon. I promise."

How does Frobisher deal with Doctor Who fans? "I try not to." Who does Frobisher think should play the next Doctor Who? "Hmm. Why has there never been a bird, I ask myself? Isn't it about time we had a feathered Time Lord?"

"There is a growing prejudice," laments Robert, "against casting penguins at the BBC." What other changes has Robert observed in the industry of late? "Young actors don't seem to be as hungry anymore, I think. Most are more interested in making money. If you want only to be famous, you have an uphill climb ahead of you, unless you're stunningly beautiful – or willing to do unusual things on camera – but if you strive to be good at what you do, even in a small role, people will notice. It has always been my desire

console. "Chess isn't my game. But nobody's ever beaten me at Buckaroo – except Peri." What, I ask him, is the best feature of a Type-40 TARDIS? "I've always been fond of the raffia tablemats in the dining room – but that's just me. Don't you think raffia is simply to die for?" When, then, will he resume his position at the Doctor's side? "I want to spend more time with my family right now. Then again, if Big Finish could team me up with Nicola Bryant ..."

Robert takes up: "I'd love to play Frobisher again. He is such a great companion." Frobisher makes a face. "In a sense," Robert relates, "he is an excellent 'device' – excuse the expression – for scriptwriters, as he can get things wrong. He can misinterpret. And sometimes, the Doctor has to save him. Frobisher is a buffoon. He is, I suppose, slightly clownish,

but with clowns comes great pathos – and the ability to cross the line into human truths."

"Buffoon? Buffoon!?" Frobisher is starting to vibrate, so I quickly ask him what his plans for the future include. "The next big thing," he spits, "is the pay cheque due for granting you this interview. Then, I'm planning to spend my pay cheque. Then, I'll take a diet to recover from eating all the things that I bought with the pay cheque! And I am so not the companion."

"He so is." Robert smirks. "Frobisher means well, but he gets things wrong. He gets nervous about life. He gets frightened, which is only 'human', whereas the Doctor is so much more confident in threatening situations." Frobisher has turned red.

I can't let Robert or Frobisher go without broaching the subject of that accent. Why, I ask, has Frobisher opted for an American drawl? "Say what!?" The Whifferdill stares at me, blankly. "Are you kidding? This isn't American! Why do people keep saying that? Does this sound American to you?"

Robert leans forward. "C'mon, Frobisher," he murmurs. "It sounds sort of American ..."

"You taking sides, pal?" It seems to me that something strange is happening. "My accent is Russian, okay? I practised it for ages." What is it that has altered in my interviewees' faces? What is it that seems to be melting and changing?

"How dare you!"

"Frobisher, listen – your accent is American. I should know."

"You know nothing! I've always liked the Slavic tongue. I learned it from a dresser called Natasha in Minsk."

"Don't talk rubbish."

"Of course, these Big Finish CDs," persists Frobisher, focussing on me, "they get my accent all wrong. They always get the accents all wrong – except Peri's, perhaps. I told them, I said, 'You can't get this Robert Jezek in to voice me. He's a Canadian, for Pete's sake!'"

"You did what!?" Robert has gotten to his feet. "You little b–"

Two voices are shouting in anger – and they are both alike. "I bet he hasn't even been to Minsk! Ask him! Go on!"

"I don't want to go to Minsk!"

"Why not? You dirty rat!"

"You filthy bird!"

No question, now, what has happened to my interviewees' faces. As I sit, helpless, I look from penguin to man, and from man to penguin, and from penguin to man again: but already it is impossible to say which is which ...



Frobisher appears courtesy of Robert Shearman and Robert Jezek

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The DWM Review

Timid

BURIED TREASURE...
OR FORCED TO WALK
THE PLANK?



never ever works when you point a camera at it – more *Blackadder*'s 'Bob' than Jim Hawkins. Another more aggravating feature of *The Smugglers* is the number of names its characters go by; a detail on audio that can make what's straightforward into something quite confusing. Top of the poll, the murdered Church Warden – or is that Joe, Joseph, Holy Joe or Longfoot? Behind him is Kewper, also known as Innkeeper, Landlord and Jacob, then Blake, first name Josiah, and referred to as The King's Revenue Officer, and then the Squire, also Magistrate and Mr Edwards.

The CD's other problem is trying to balance the contradiction over Captain Pike's false hand; it's clearly a spike in the original production, and pictured on the cover, but strangely referred to as a 'hook' by the pirate himself, and by narrator Anneke Wills throughout.

The narration doesn't stretch itself to evoking a Daphne du Maurier Cornwall, but it doesn't much need to. Unlike their science-fiction counterparts, the historicals can be mentally assembled with ease, their look built up from a variety of similarly-dressed films and plays. Whether Wills mentions it or not, the story's setting and period ensures that every interior has low oak beams and straw-strewn floors. Equally, outside we can indulge the thought that director Julia Smith captured the full romance of her location, complete with storm-battered coastlines and rolling moors. Indeed, most of Wills' narration work is making sense of the sword fights that predominate Episode 4.

What's missing from *The Smugglers* is some good scenery-chewing villainy. Usually TV isn't big enough for the Who actor with their hands on some period garb – just look what happens to the likes of Julian Glover and Dennis Lill. Resembling a cross between Hattie Jacques and a doily, Paul Whitsun-Jones's Squire always looked like he'd be up there with the best of them, a giant buckle-shoed monster that would make Matthew Hopkins quake. Unfortunately, Whitsun-Jones just isn't 'boo-hiss' enough; in fact, at the end, he's just boringly misguided. Hoarding linen and brandy is okay, but it's not really big or evil enough a crime to get excited about. The Squire should've been much more of a rotter than that. Captain Pike doesn't shiver many timbers either, so it's left to Cherub to be the really nasty one; he's a bloodthirsty cut-throat in the true tradition, but he's just not the big theatrical villain the story needs, and without whose defeat things seem to finish on an anti-climax. Bringing on the militia's alright, but this is pirate-infested Cornwall. If ever there was the opportunity to chase a villainous blackguard over a cliff, it was here. Sadly, *The Smugglers* is content simply to end with a Yo-ho-hum.

VANESSA BISHOP

WARNING! Spoilers ahead

It's *Doctor Who Magazine*'s policy to review new *Doctor Who* adventures as fully as possible, from beginning to end – so if you've not yet read or listened to the books and audios under discussion in this issue, and you don't want their plots to be given away, stop reading now!

DOCTOR WHO: THE SMUGGLERS

CD BBC RADIO COLLECTION
AUTHOR BRIAN HAYLES
RRP £13.99
ISBN 0 563 53504 0



The *Smugglers*' cover – Cherub with a dagger to the Doctor's throat – is as good a representation of producer Innes Lloyd's view of the *Doctor Who* historical as you're going to find. There can't be many lonelier gigs than working on a serial even your own producer doesn't want to watch, which might betray why *The Smugglers* lacks some verve and exuberance – the element that makes you think 'That's unusual. That's a different approach'.

with stuff about coded messages, curses and lines like Polly's "We've jolly well got to find the TARDIS!" Hayles simply writes about pirates, treasure and a race to find a dead man's chest – he's not out to surprise us or say anything new.

Judged on its own, *The Smugglers* can be engaging, and with its graveyard and crypt settings, quite a gothic piece of swash and buckle; however, encouragingly for Innes Lloyd, it's also old-fashioned, predictable and, all told, just the kind of adventure *Doctor Who* was invented to replace. It's hard to find a character that isn't a stereotype, or much in the way of memorable dialogue. Placed alongside other historicals, *The Smugglers* looks timid and ordinary. Uncovering fine silks in a Cornish cave hasn't the same dramatic thump as waking up as the Bride of Sacrifice, or the guest of Madame Guillotine. Nor

It's old fashioned and predictable – the sort of show *Doctor Who* was invented to replace!

Reportedly, Brian Hayles wrote his story with Russell Thorndike's *Dr Syn* books in mind. That's as maybe, but as Thorndike singularly failed to have his work immortalised as a Sunday serial, *The Smugglers* appears more like *Jamaica Inn* meets Enid Blyton's *Famous Five* – skulduggery, murder and betrayal mixed

does a 17th century rogue's moan "The young aren't what they were in our time" match the wit and satire of *The Myth Makers*.

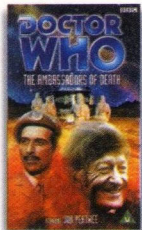
A main feature of the story is that nobody's quite who they seem, an idea taken to its limit in trying to pass Polly off as a boy; it's a theatrical ruse that

Blistering

GROUND CONTROL TO DOCTOR JON ... YOU'VE REALLY MADE THE GRADE!

DOCTOR WHO: THE AMBASSADORS OF DEATH

VIDEO BBC WORLDWIDE
RRP £12.99
CAT NO BBCV 7265



Compiled from black-and-white, colour, colourised and Vid-FIEd footage, the 2002 mix of *The Ambassadors of Death* is appropriate for a story often considered something of a patchwork. Credited

to David Whitaker, but also authored by Trevor Ray and Malcolm Hulke, its rewrites are legendary. It's fair to say *Ambassadors* takes time deciding what it wants to be about, but still seizes the attention because of director Michael Ferguson's eye for drama and Season Seven's unique approach.

Talk of Season Seven usually ends up with praise for Pertwee and UNIT's portrayal, and much use of the word 'realism'. The realism thing is tricky, because what we mean by it isn't always clear. As there's nothing remotely real about the tentacled Nestene consciousness, the Silurian's pet dinosaur, or the Primords, it's hard to argue that the series was suddenly more terrifying. It's not its Earth setting either, otherwise *Terror of the Autons* would feel the same, and it so clearly doesn't. We can't even credit the move to colour, as with colour comes CSO. Season Seven has the 'realism' tag because it shows characters reacting to their situation in a genuine way. It happens in a handful of other places, of course – everything Ian

and Barbara do in the first story, and much of the second – but, by and large, *Doctor Who* falls into its own kind of melodrama, with stock responses and a general acceptance of its fantasy. Season Seven presents a run where the series is played for real, where nobody acts like this sort of thing is just routine.

Ambassadors' length seems to have been arrived at via a round of Name That Tune's 'Bid-a-Note', but played in reverse, its writers competing over who can stretch it out the most. 'I'll write that story in four episodes.' 'I'll write it in five.' 'I'll write it in six.' 'I'll write it

Ambassadors turns bureaucracy into edge-of-the-seat stuff

in seven.' 'Okay – write that story.' Perhaps it isn't as clever about its padding as the season's other seven-parters. *Inferno* re-starts under the cover of its parallel world motif, while *Silurians* writes in a power struggle between its monsters and keeps shifting the means of their attacks. *Ambassadors* is more obviously a snakes-and-ladders script, so while it's littered with good lines and performances, for much of its time it's going nowhere fast. The Doctor can't build his communication device because the parts he wants have to come from Japan. The re-launch of *Recovery 7* is delayed because of Sir James Quinlan sitting on the paperwork, and later because of problems obtaining the right fuel. As Professor Cornish muses, "Everything's taking just that little bit longer than it should." But that's actually *Ambassadors'* greatness. It makes a

virtue of red tape and all the procedure television usually ignores in order to push the story on. It uses desk-bound conversations and space jargon like other stories use monsters. It turns bureaucracy and technical hitches into edge-of-the-seat material.

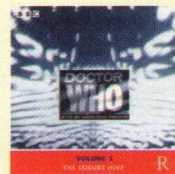
Moreover, director Michael Ferguson could bring Hitchcockian suspense to a still-life. Moments of importance are never shot from one angle, but built up from a collection of quickly-edited view-points, a trick learnt on *The Seeds of Death*. One scene in particular sums up his style – the blistering "Cut it open!" cliffhanger to Episode Two, where he underlines the scene with a series of rapid, urgent close-ups of his cast that makes watching it almost unbearably intense.

Although *Ambassadors* provides some superb UNIT shoot-outs and some bril-

liantly staged location action, what really stands out is how it deals with small and superficially undramatic things. Admittedly, not everything works quite so well. The story's theme of xenophobia is probably its weakest point. Ex-astronaut General Carrington's hatred of the aliens seems built on the single incident of their touch killing a friend, something he's since aware they can't help. However, by the end, when on a further note of realism the Doctor is shown walking away from the situation, judging it safe enough to leave the return of the *Ambassadors* to the authorities, the story proves itself the most 'real' of Season Seven's adventures... well, almost. I'm sure NASA would like to know how British Space Command brought down the *Recovery 7* so softly in that field!

VANESSA BISHOP

Also
released
BY VANESSA BISHOP



DOCTOR WHO AT THE BBC RADIOPHONIC WORKSHOP: VOL 3 – THE LEISURE HIVE

BBC MUSIC, £13.99

As Peter Howell's sleeve-notes imply, his *Leisure Hive* music is the product of someone 'off the leash' and taking full advantage of the moment. Thus the score has all the strengths and weaknesses of a work carried out in isolation. The depth and layers mean we get a real sense of place rather than just a run of musical cues to tell us how to feel, but there is also a sense that Howell is indulging himself. Rousing marches sit alongside corridor music, 'bump-in-the-night' stuff next to classical pastiche.

Sounding like a *New Adventures* cover blurb, Howell admits to his music being "almost too large and too omnipresent for TV" and, in any other instance, he'd be right. But Lovett Bickford directs and edits *The Leisure Hive* in such an extraordinary fashion that only Howell's attention-seeking score will do. Snatches of what would become other scores occasionally break through, track nine's *Looking for Mr Brock* seemingly interrupted by a *Gundan from Warriors' Gate*!

The Leisure Hive catches Howell without preconceptions of how *Doctor Who* incidental music should sound. Although its boldness now has a dated synth sound that's horribly wrong when made to play *Oh, I Do Like To Be Beside The Seaside* in the story's Brighton prologue, the majority has a richness that seems entirely appropriate for the story's visuals. For my money at least, *The Leisure Hive* struck it lucky in having the younger, something-to-prove Peter Howell rather than the older, experienced model who, in hindsight, would probably have reined his score in.

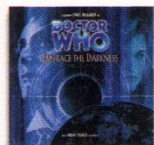
Finally, mention of the disc's last track, Mark Ayres' new re-mix of the original theme. Messing with this is usually treason in my book. Ayres, however, is the first to walk away from the scaffold to the sound of applause. This is a note-by-note restoration to produce the first 'true' stereo version. Despite Mark's written explanation, I cannot pretend to understand how this union of Delia Derbyshire's original tape masters and today's digital technology works, but the end result is stunning.

Theatrical

SEE HOW THEY RUN ...

DOCTOR WHO: EMBRACE THE DARKNESS

AUDIO DRAMA BIG FINISH
AUTHOR NICHOLAS BRIGGS
RRP £13.99
ISBN 1 903654 60 2



People wearing stained one-piece overalls, performing mundane tasks on the brink of a lethal environment, and

who trust each other with everything expect their first names can only mean a Nicholas Briggs script. Yet, immediately the crew of the base on Cimmeria IV are more human than the crew of the *Vanguard* in Briggs' *Sword of Orion* – being distinctive and, initially at least, very likeable. The crew of that ship, or most

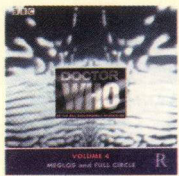
others one imagines, would be unlikely to croon "We luuurve yooou!" to their commander, and when the otherwise manly Halyard and Ferras do so, you can see their heads tilt to one side as their eyelashes flutter. If Mark McDonnell's Halyard seems much of a muchness with Alby Brook in *Dalek Empire*, remember that it was this performance, mothballed for over a year, which won him that role.

As the base crew is plunged into blindness, all three react differently. Ferras holds on best; Commander Orellensa, deprived of the ability to do her job, descends into what Charley later calls "the personification of sarcasm and bitterness"; and Halyard temporarily loses his sanity, his echoing cackles making him sound, appropriately enough, like one of the interviewees on Pink Floyd's *Dark Side of the Moon*.

The Doctor and Charley fare less

memorably. The Doctor's cavalier decision to ignore a flotilla of Type 70 TARDISes is frustrating for regular listeners, eager to pursue the cumulative superstory, but soon they are encountering ROSM, a robot wielding absolute power and driven only by an original-sounding form of probabilistic logic. The Doctor's encounters with silicon bureaucrats (Skagra's ship from *Shada* for example) are distracting up to a point, but one wearies of ROSM long before he eventually goes the way of 2001's HAL.

The story is structured traditionally for *Doctor Who* – initial mystery about what is going on being displaced by individual threat and finally a far larger menace. Unusually, though, the slow point is the second episode, and although it is gratifying to have a clear, focused, uncluttered story, there is room for more dramatic furnishing. A better explained way for the nebulous Cimmerians to effect their influence would have been more welcome than the "particles" they release, which might as well be fairy dust, so universal is their ability to dim suns (for starters) and remove eyes. And,



DOCTOR WHO AT THE BBC RADIOPHONIC WORKSHOP: VOL 3 – MEGLOS/FULL CIRCLE
BBC MUSIC, £13.99

It's rare in Doctor Who to find two takes on the same work. Notable examples are the 1960s Dalek films and the Jon Pertwee/Colin Baker versions of *The Ultimate Adventure*. Add to that Meglos' incidental music – Part One handled by Paddy Kingsland, the rest by Peter Howell. Whose is the better is blurred by both composers reaching for a ratchet sound to denote the cactus-like Meglos. On the other hand, both use a vocoder for the Deons, Kingsland's sampled chants effecting a much more restful quasi-religious tone, Howell's a more electronic, sinister one. Overall for Howell, Meglos is like a new band's difficult second album. Against his *Leisure Hive* work, this is unvaried and moribund. Howell doesn't seem to draw inspiration from the story's science-fiction settings, but sticks to the caves, the Deons and their sacrifices to produce a doomy work that, at times, conjures up a very different and much darker production than the one caught on TV.

Like Howell, Paddy Kingsland's music contains patches familiar from later compositions, his single episode of Meglos recalling both *Logopolis* and *Mawdryn Undead*. Of more concern to Kingsland is the crossover from *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*, which he was working on at the same time as Season Eighteen. However, his *Full Circle* score is more individual than that. Range producer Mark Ayres draws attention to Kingsland's style being more biased towards melody, and that's instantly apparent. *Full Circle* is a lighter, sunnier work and, at times, almost poppy. Track 29, *The giants leave the swamp*, wheels on a heavy electric guitar, while Track 30, *K9 on a mission*, is almost a breezy radio jingle. Kingsland notes that director Peter Grimwade was keen on short 'stings', but it's hard to view *Full Circle* as compliant with that. Instead, it's a composition of summery, wistful themes and exciting riffs, and is, as far as this volume is concerned, the 'A'-side to Meglos' 'B'.

if I were a life form that couldn't see, I'd develop a less irritating voice, pronto.

One is left uncertain of facts. Where did the base crew come from? Where did the Solarians spend the last millennium? And is the story resolved just by realising that the Cimmerians are an anomalous planet-dwelling subset of the Solarians?

uct of a time when television was theatre (albeit with a little more visual realism) and not film. This play would work just as well if it were about a faith healer walking into an ophthalmic ward during a power cut.

There is an attractive economy of style here, which exemplifies the Big Finish

**Followers of this season's story
are set to be frustrated ...**

However, these answers are not all that crucial, because for all *Embrace the Darkness*' whole-hearted adoption of the nuts and bolts of heavy metal space action films (air locks, life pods, and talking machines are as normal here as cars, television, and newspapers), there is a theatrical sensibility at work. It doesn't really matter whether there are three or three million Cimmerians, or whether the Solarians have been in another universe or down the pub; the drama is about reactions to fear, which is, of course, internal. We get back to one of Doctor Who's fundamentals – it is a prod-

range as whole. No distracting metaphors or allusions divert from telling the story. Instead of bumping off a large cast of sympathetic characters, the same few are retained to great effect. And the mysterious Cimmerians speak a carefully rationed litany of phrases that makes cracking their code a game everyone can play.

There is also an economy of storytelling. Rather than piling threats upon each other, they are resolved serially, so that there is one big issue at any given time. The base crew have all been cured by the time the Doctor realises his med-

dling has been for the worse. However, this threat flows naturally from what has gone before and does not feel tacked on in the slightest.

It's a better story for India Fisher's Charley than Paul McGann's Doctor. She spends more time talking to real people, and is becoming consistent and rounded. Although fussy, she's not prone to self-pity, and takes an instant dislike to Orellensa when she takes her condition out on everyone else. McGann is not stretched here beyond his recent appearances. His recent exuberance is conspicuously absent, with his overwhelming motivation being a martyr-like guilt at having meddled, at odds with his recent and longstanding stance.

The end leaves one with a feeling of having been in safe hands, but that nothing and no one has changed. The worst that can happen is having one's eyes burned out, and that proves to be reversible, without Charley even having to repeat Sarah Jane's "luvly vi'lets" speech. In fact, the ending takes one by surprise merely by dint of it occurring without any drama whatsoever. Game of draughts, anyone? DAVE OWEN

Precious

EXCELIS REVISITED! THE SIXTH DOCTOR RISES TO THE OCCASION

**DOCTOR WHO:
EXCELIS RISING**

AUDIO DRAMA BIG FINISH
AUTHOR DAVID A MCINTEE
RRP £9.99
ISBN 1 903654 64 5



How better to indicate that time has passed since the Doctor's last visit to the city of Excelsis than to place the proceedings in a museum, emphasising that it has developed enough to have a history? After ten minutes, I could have come up with several dozen better ways, actually, because the dense dialogue within this dry setting initially seemed but a faint echo of the irreverent goings-on in the preceding *Excelsis Dawn*s. However, it is to author McIntee's credit that, by the end of the disc, so absorbed had I become in this inside-out mystery that I neither noticed nor cared that the action had not ventured beyond the museum walls. Into them, perhaps, but I'm getting ahead of myself.

Unquestionably, the two leads make this production, and it only comes to life when Colin Baker arrives, delivering a Sixth Doctor who, in terms of unbridled *joi de vivre* ("I love dinosaurs"), matches his born-again audio persona, but who otherwise is an undiluted recreation of his harder-to-love screen self. Yet, oddly, he's far more likeable here. The reason, I think, is not in what's present; that verbal mannerism ("Verbal mannerism? VERBAL MANNERISM?"), the smug witticisms ("more Saltpetre than Saint Peter"), the contemptuous parodying of names (Greyvorn becomes

"Greyboots") and, best observed of all, the way he mocks friendliness, campily trilling "See you later" to a prisoner he clearly has not the slightest regard for. No, he's more likeable here because of what's absent – with no Peri to bicker with, he does not appear petty, childish or arrogant. Indeed, his wisdom and reason come to the fore when he encounters those whom he respects – the museum's unnamed Professor, for instance, and the investigator of the attempted burglary that opens the play. This, too, is true to his earlier stint – remember how he mellowed when dealing with senior figures such as Azmael, Stevenson, or Orcini?

He almost meets his match with Nicky Goldie's local copper, who, for a

ferently. Steam-powered dirigibles offer a romantic form of transport, and experiments with radio are only just beginning. A society without aeroplanes or television sounds like paradise until one realises that the "science" of spiritualism is emerging dominant and, worse yet, appears to actually work. This most superstitious of disciplines is represented by the reassuring Etheric Minister. He is so reasonable that one nearly falls into the snare of believing such claptrap as communication with the departed is possible. With no further explanation of Iris Wildthyme's former – and now distinctly threadbare – handbag proffered, I suspect nevertheless that spiritualism has only worked in Excelsis since its arrival. I trust an acceptably non-mystical explanation will be forthcoming.

Excelsis indeed rises exponentially with the arrival of Reeve Maupassant – instantly recognisable, just like *City of Death*'s, Captain Tancredi, as an earlier

**The Sixth Doctor works well without
a companion to bicker with**

change, he simply cannot talk his way around. With a detective and a professor of archaeology on hand, the play finds its theme – discovery of the past, be that the events of the previous 12 hours or one thousand years. Both the immediate activity surrounding the crime investigation and the discursive exploration of history reveal how Excelsis has changed since its dawn, and with no running around whatsoever, there is plenty of time for exposition. In fact, in the second half, as characters seemingly queue up to have five-minute cosy one-to-ones in private alcoves, one is reminded of a speed-dating seminar.

What keeps the planet from being just an archaic Earth or remade Ribos is that developments have taken place dif-

villain with a new name and job. The Big Finish range seems to be taken with aspiring immortals of late, with *Seasons of Fear*'s Sebastian Grayle still a recent memory, but Reeve Maupassant is adequately distinct from him, being a fusion of ancient warlord and mother superior, but thankfully avoiding the tempting comic potential on offer. Equally coy at acknowledging one another at first, the Doctor and Maupassant make themselves more interesting by viewing one another with a unique perspective.

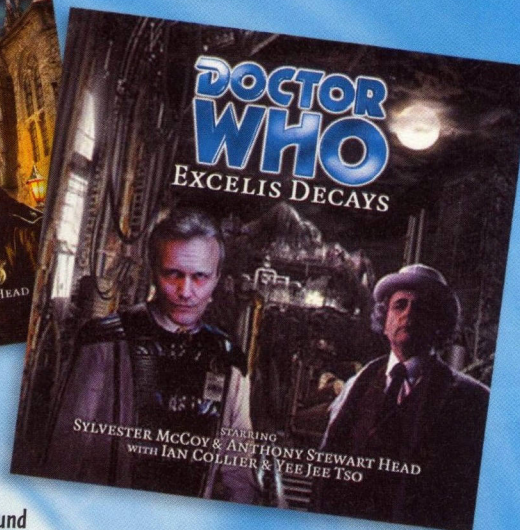
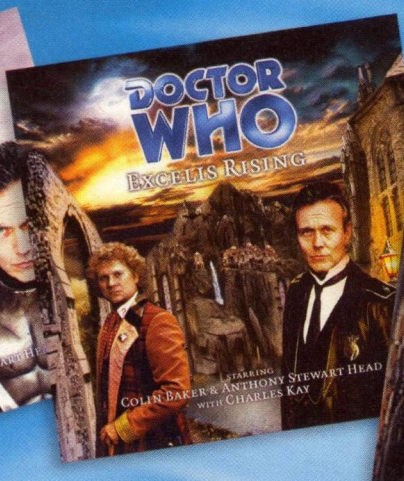
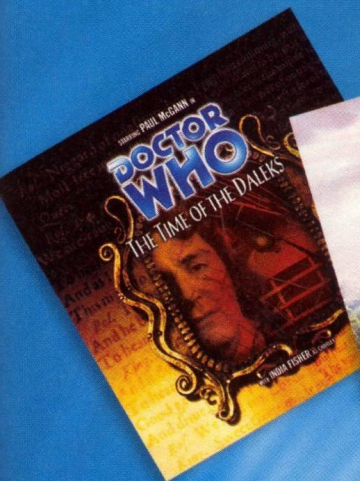
Appropriately enough, if the listener can get past the truly wretched opening minutes, something of a treasure lies hidden. It took me three attempts.

DAVE OWEN

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As long-suffering veterans of the Christmas quiz will have guessed long before now, I adore anagrams. It's not just that they're fun; there's something really special about them. Like maypoles, mazes and Morris dancing, anagrams are steeped in myth and folk-history, and they exude an air of something magically ancient and arcane which adds a respectable element of mystery to their otherwise unavoidable silliness.

The Doctor's arch-enemies certainly seem to think so. Davros devised the name of his most famous creation from an anagram of 'Kaled', while the Rani was obsessive in her quest for something called the 'Loyhargil', an obscure substance whose least silly attribute was that it was an anagram of 'Holy Grail'. The Foamasi, those reptilian gangsters who disguised themselves as zoot-suited humanoids the better to infiltrate the

There's something really special about anagrams ...

business concerns of Argolis, appropriately employed the same letters as 'Mafiosa', while Dastari, unsurprisingly, sought to assist his evil allies in constructing 'a TARDIS'.

Doctor Who's virtuoso of villainous verbal volatility is of course the Master, alias Consul Tremas, Sir Gilles Estram and Mr Seta. If the original Master was content to drop heavy clues via his less-than-impenetrable *noms de guerre* (Colonel Masters, Mr Magister, Professor Thascales), then his later incarnations were quite simply anagram-mad. Even non-fictionally, Anthony Ainley's Master spawned some memorable anagrams: *Castrovalva's* Portreeve was apparently played by Neil Toynay, and *Time-Flight's* Kalid by someone called Leon Ny Taii. In *The King's Demons*, Sir Gilles concealed himself not only beneath a fiendishly accurate French accent but also behind the *Radio Times* appellation 'James Stoker' – that's 'Master's' joke to you and me. For *Remembrance of the Daleks*, a disguised Davros followed suit, with 'Roy Tromelly' standing in for Terry Molloy so as not to pique the suspicions of ever-vigilant fans.

In fact *Doctor Who's* history is riddled with anagrams, some more widely acknowledged than others. Robert Holmes happily confessed that 'Drashig' was a deliberate anagram of 'dish-rag' (and that 'Pletrac' was a distortion of 'plate-rack' – presumably he was doing the washing-up when he conceived *Carnival of Monsters*), but even with this sort of prompting it took fans an alarmingly long time to spot that 'Androgum' equals 'gourmand'. The gravitationally anomalous Tractators may sound suspiciously as if they have something to do with the works of Wittgenstein, but in actual fact they're simply 'attractors'. Their creator Christopher Bidmead has

confirmed that Adric was named after the mathematician Paul Dirac, but it remains less certain whether Frederick Treves, who played the comedic Lieutenant Brotadac in *Meglos*, was ever aware that his character's name was, either by accident or design, an anagram of 'bad actor'.

Such apparently accidental anagrams are, if anything, even more fun than the deliberate ones, which is why I enjoy working out a new batch for the Christmas quiz every year. There's something very pleasing, for example, in deducing that *The Keys of Marinus* might be described as 'tiresome shaky fun', thus demonstrating that while some anagrams are just plain nonsensical (*Mindwarp* becomes 'dim prawn', *Planet of the Spiders* 'fatted horse nipples'), others can be surprisingly appropriate. Being something of a Cybermen's greatest hits, *Earthshock* cobbles together the work of 'other hacks', and has an opening episode in which many a character is seen to 'shake torch' while thinking 'ah, the rocks'. After a second episode in which much time is spent whispering 'Shh! A rocket!', Part Four concludes with what most fans agree is, for a number of good reasons, 'the OK crash'. And as the very first Davison tale into production, it's perhaps understandable that *Four to Doomsday* may offer a faint 'odour of Tom days'.

Other anagrams, sadly, can be less kind. It's all very well pointing out that *The Trial of a Time Lord* is an anagram of 'I dream of tale to thrill', but such optimism sadly counts for little when it transpires that the self-same title also yields 'Toilet drama of Hitler', 'It left hero maladroït', 'Oh dear, I'm total trifle', 'Illiterate homo draft' and 'Ah, ill-fated time rotor!'. One begins to see the perils lurking behind the anagrammatist's art. Patrick Troughton offers up the rather sweet 'OK, truth? Acting pro', but also the frankly baffling 'tough pink tractor'. William Hartnell is revealed to be an 'all-white Rill man' wandering in 'the Millwall rain', while Matthew Waterhouse becomes not only 'Owe theatre what sum?' but also 'Ah, true, somewhat wet'. As for *Timelash* – well, I can't be expected to repeat that in a family magazine. Let's just say that it starts with 'lame' and leave it at that.

Anyway. Summer is upon us, there are a good few months until the Christmas quiz, and it's a positive age since we had such topping fun with our limerick competition. You can guess what's coming, can't you?

Yes, it's with no small trepidation that I declare *The Watcher's* Anagram Competition well and truly open. You have until Midsummer's Day – that's Friday 21 June – to do your very worst. You can devise anagrams of anything you like, just as long as it's Who-connected. You may wish to stick to good old-fashioned nonsense, such as pointing out that 'the Bandril Ambassador' is an anagram of 'old man harassed rabbit', or that 'the Nestene Consciousness' is 'he senses intense coconuts'. Points, however, will be awarded for style and appropriateness, so don't forget that the truth is out there – it's worth reflecting, after all, that 'UNIT's scientific adviser' is an anagram of 'Use nice TARDIS in TV sci-fil'.

Mark your entries 'Anagram Competition' and send them to the usual address. My favourites will appear in a future issue. And remember – you only have until 21 June. Now go forth and invent anagrams – I know you won't let me down ...

DWM

The Final Test

It's a quiz! It's a game! It's fortune and fame! Er, except we made that last bit up. Answers in four of your Earth weeks ...

What connects:

- 1 The Bride of Sacrifice, The Knight of Jaffa, Small Prophet, Quick Return and Don't Shoot the Pianist?
- 2 A UNIT regular, a builder of robots, a portent of doom and a Parisian death toll?
- 3 Doctor Who and the Silurians, Planet of the Spiders, Black Orchid and Kg and Company?
- 4 Charlie, Pletrac, Kara and Merdeen?
- 5 The Android Invasion, The Invisible Enemy, the TV Movie and an unmade Season Nineteen story?
- 6 Specifically, and in this order: the Tollmaster, Toby, Kiv [pictured], Harvey and Len and one quarter of a jazz group?



Answers from last issue

- 1 Each ends with the beginning of a famous fire (the Fire of Rome; the Burning of Troy; the Great Fire of London)
- 2 The actors who played them (Deep Roy, Suzanne Danielle, Peter Wyngarde, John Hallam) all appear in the magnificent 1981 remake of *Flash Gordon*
- 3 They are all The 'something' of Evil: Planet; Face; Mind
- 4 All feature specially shot one-off closing credits for their respective last episodes
- 5 The actors who played them (Kevin Stoney, Michael Wisher, Brian Grellis, David Collings) also played the four credited Vogans in *Revenge of the Cybermen*
- 6 They've all hidden inside a Dalek casing

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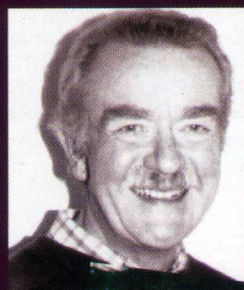
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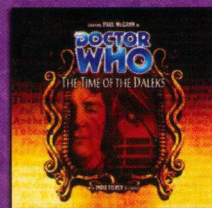
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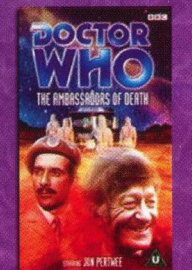
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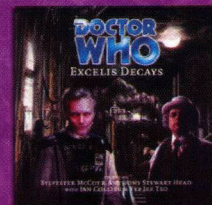
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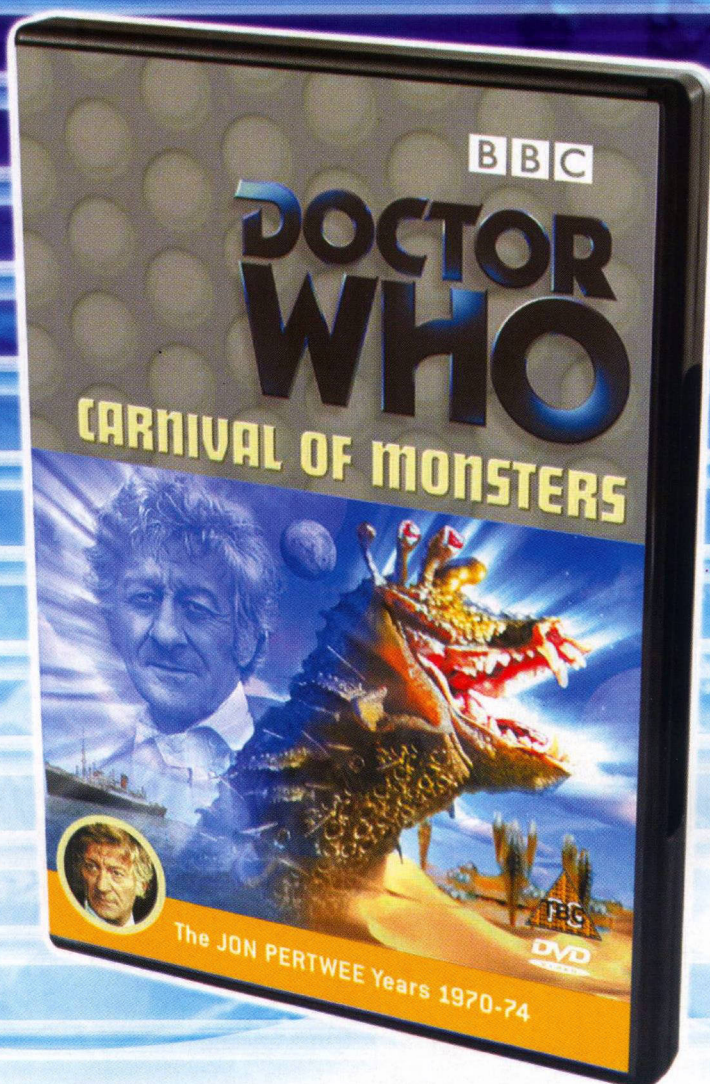
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